★ June 29 1940

THE NEW YORKER

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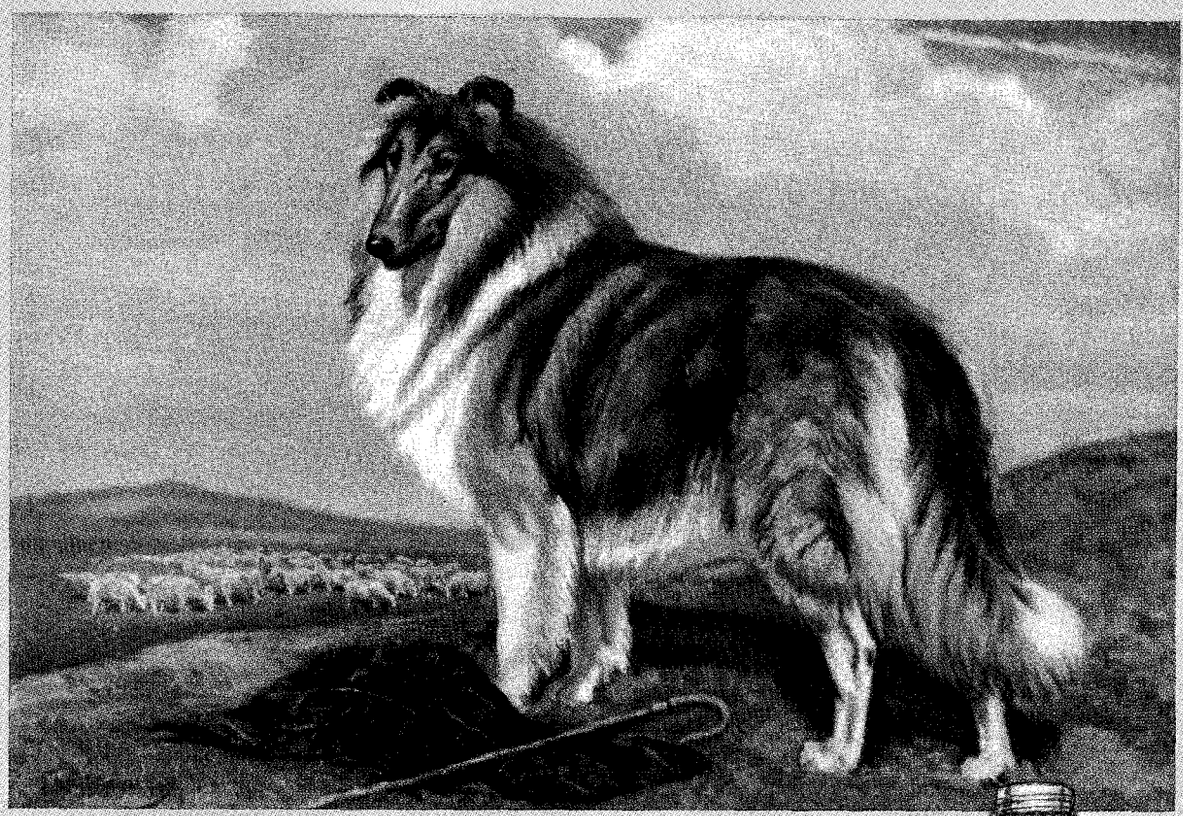

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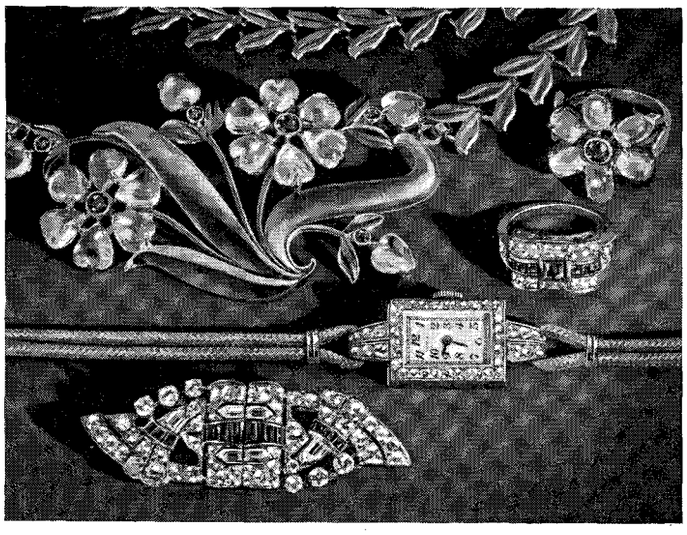

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Ladies in Retirement—Miss Fiske objects to having her guests track up the house with dead birds and driftwood, and winds up in her own oven. One of the best English melodramas in years, with Flora Robson, Estelle Winwood, Jessamine Newcombe, and Isobel Elsom. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the late Clarence Day's memories of his family into one of the pleasantest comedies you're likely to see. Mr. Lindsay is Father and Dorothy Stickney is Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Male Animal—A human comedy about academic freedom—more free than academic, thanks to the light touch of James Thurber, one of the authors. The other author, Elliott Nugent, appears at the head of a superior cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except July 3, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., July 4.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—Monty Woolley is splendid as the famous raconteur who turns an Ohio household upside down. John Hoysradt and Carol Goodner are a couple of his famous friends. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

There Shall Be No Night—A powerful and eloquent play by Robert E. Sherwood, based on his conviction that the struggle in Europe is everybody's business. The Lunts are excellent and receive very capable support from Richard Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet, Montgomery Clift, and Elisabeth Fraser. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., except July 3, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., July 4.)

WITH MUSIC

Du Barry Was a Lady—Bawdy in an expensive way but also very funny, thanks to Bert Lahr and Ethel Merman. Cole Porter music. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except July 3, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., July 4.)

Keep Off the Grass—Whenever this revue threatens to go to sleep, Jimmy Durante or Ray Bolger turns up, so everything is all right. Ilka Chase and Jane Froman are among the more important ladies. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed., except July 3, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., July 4.)

Louisiana Purchase—A fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics, possibly under the late Senator Long, written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer, and William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except July 3, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., July 4.)

New Hellz-a-Poppin—Not a great deal different from the old one, but was that bad? With Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except July 3, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., July 4.)

Walk with Music—There are pleasant things in this musical comedy about love in Palm Beach, but an incoherent story makes the going a little tough. The cast includes Kitty Carlisle, Mitzi Green, Betty Lawford, and Frances Williams. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., July 4.)

SUMMER STOCK

(In this listing you may find one or more theatres not too distant from where you happen to be in the country. No matinées, unless otherwise noted.)

Amherst—Sylvia Sidney and Luther Adler in "No Time for Comedy": through Sat., June 29. Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Kirby Memorial Theatre, Amherst, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., July 4.)

Cape May—Julie Haydon in "Shadow and Substance": Tues. through Sat., July 2-6. (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Thurs.)

Cedarhurst—Grace George in "Kind Lady": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Cedarhurst Playhouse, Cedarhurst, L.I. 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Clinton—Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": through Sat., June 29. Herbert Rudley in "The World We Make": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Cohasset—Constance Collier in "Hay Fever": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (South Shore Players, Cohasset, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 6. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Dennis—Gertrude Lawrence in "Private Lives": through Sat., June 29. Diana Barrymore in "The Hottentot": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Fri.)

Eagles Mere—Taylor Holmes in "Ah, Wilderness!": Mon. through Fri., July 1-5. (Eagles Mere Theatre, Eagles Mere, Pa., Wed. through Fri., July 3-5; Lewisburg High School Auditorium, Lewisburg, Pa., Mon., July 1; Hershey Theatre, Hershey, Pa., Tues., July 2. 9:30.)

Gloucester—Francesca Braggiotti and John Lodge in "Caprice": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Great Neck—Jean Adair and Dennis Hoey in "Outward Bound": through Sat., June 29. "Tovarich": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Chapel Theatre, Middle Neck Rd., Great Neck, L.I. 8:50.)

Guilford—Pauline Lord in "The Late Christopher Bean": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Jutland—Eddie Nugent in "The Pursuit of Happiness": through Sat., June 29. Eddie Nugent in "Room Service": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Hunterdon Hills Playhouse, Jutland, N.J. 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Locust Valley—Ruth Chatterton in "Pygmalion": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Red Barn Theatre, Locust Valley, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

Maplewood—Sinclair Lewis and Frankie Thomas, Jr., in "Ah, Wilderness!": through Sat., June 29. Tallulah Bankhead in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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Marblehead—Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Martha's Vineyard—*Joanna Roos* in "A Bill of Divorcement": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Rice Playhouse, Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Mt. Kisco—Jane Sterling and José Ferrer in "French Without Tears": through Sat., June 29. Walter Slezak in "Topaze": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Route 117, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

New Hope—Lenore Ulric in "Personal Appearance": through Sat., June 29. Effie Shannon in "Kind Lady": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Fri.)

Ogunquit—Jimmy Savo in "Mum's the Word": through Sat., June 29. Bramwell Fletcher and Doris Dalton in "The Guardsman": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

Orwigsburg—Ruth Chatterton in "Private Lives": through Sat., June 29. Lila Lee and Pert Kelton in "Mary's Other Husband": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Kenley Deer Lake Theatre, Orwigsburg, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat.)

Pawling—James Bell in "The Weak Link": through Sat., June 29. Francesca Bruning in "Farm of Three Echoes": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Starlight Theatre, Route 22, Pawling, N.Y. 8:40. Mats. at 3, Thurs.)

Portland—Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry": through Sat., June 29. "Yes, My Darling Daughter": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Maine Civic Theatre, Portland, Me. 8:20. Mats. 2:20, Wed. and Sat.)

Princeton—Jane Cowl in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Ridgefield—Jane Pickens in "Tonight or Never": through Sat., June 29. Margaret Anglin in "Fresh Fields": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (New England Playhouse, Ridgefield, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Skowhegan—Vincent Price in "Poet's Corner," his own play: through Sat., June 29. Vincent Price and Joyce Arling in "Mr. and Mrs. North," a new play by Owen Davis, based on the Lockridge stories: Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Lakewood Players, Lakewood, Skowhegan, Me. 8 o'clock. Mats. 2:30, Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., July 4.)

Stamford—Helen Craig and Lloyd Gough in "No Time for Comedy": Sat., June 29, and Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Stamford Community Playhouse, 45 Prospect St., Stamford, Conn. 8:40.)

Stockbridge—Mady Christians and John Emery in "The Guardsman": through Sat., June 29. Madge Evans in "Skylark": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Suffern—Ruth Weston and McKay Morris in "Mazeppa": through Sat., June 29, and Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. 8:45.)

Westboro—Gloria Stuart in "The Animal Kingdom": through Sat., June 29. Alison Skipworth in "Criminal at Large": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Town Hall Playhouse, Westboro, Mass. 8:30.)

Westport—Ina Claire in "Biography": Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

White Plains—Hiram Sherman in "Two Weeks with Pay," a new revue by Ted Fetter and Richard Lewine: through Sat., June 29, and Mon. through Sat., July 1-6. (Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains, N.Y. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat.)

Woodstock—Irene Purcell in "Something Gay": Thurs. through Sun., June 27-30. "The Youngest," with Frankie Thomas, Jr.: Thurs. through Sun., July 4-7. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. 8:45.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A pleasant retreat, with Larry Siry's orchestra playing for dancing.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Alvino Rey and his orchestra play and otherwise entertain on the Roof.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—The Tisdale

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"Having a territory bounded on the south by St. Louis, on the east by Milwaukee, on the west by Kalispell, Montana, and on the north by Winnipeg, I feel I can give a car as good a test as any one could possibly give.

The case of the 29th car

"I never experienced real driving pleasure until I bought my Lincoln-Zephyr. The next car, my thirtieth automobile, will also be a Lincoln-Zephyr."

Enthusiastic owners all over America find this car offers what no other car offers!

It has the Lincoln background, is built in the famous Lincoln precision plant to Lincoln standards of accuracy.

Its powerful, smooth, thrifty 12-cylinder engine is the *only* "twelve" in the medium-price field.

The unit-body-and-frame, in all closed types, is a rigid framework of steel trusses to which steel panels are welded — resulting in great strength and great safety.

The style of this car is so far ahead of the times that Lincoln-Zephyrs of three years ago still look like new.

And comfort features, such as chair-high seats, low center of gravity, and "amidships" position of passengers give a cradled ride even on rough roads — rest you as you ride.

Are you doing without the pleasure a Lincoln-Zephyr alone can bring you?

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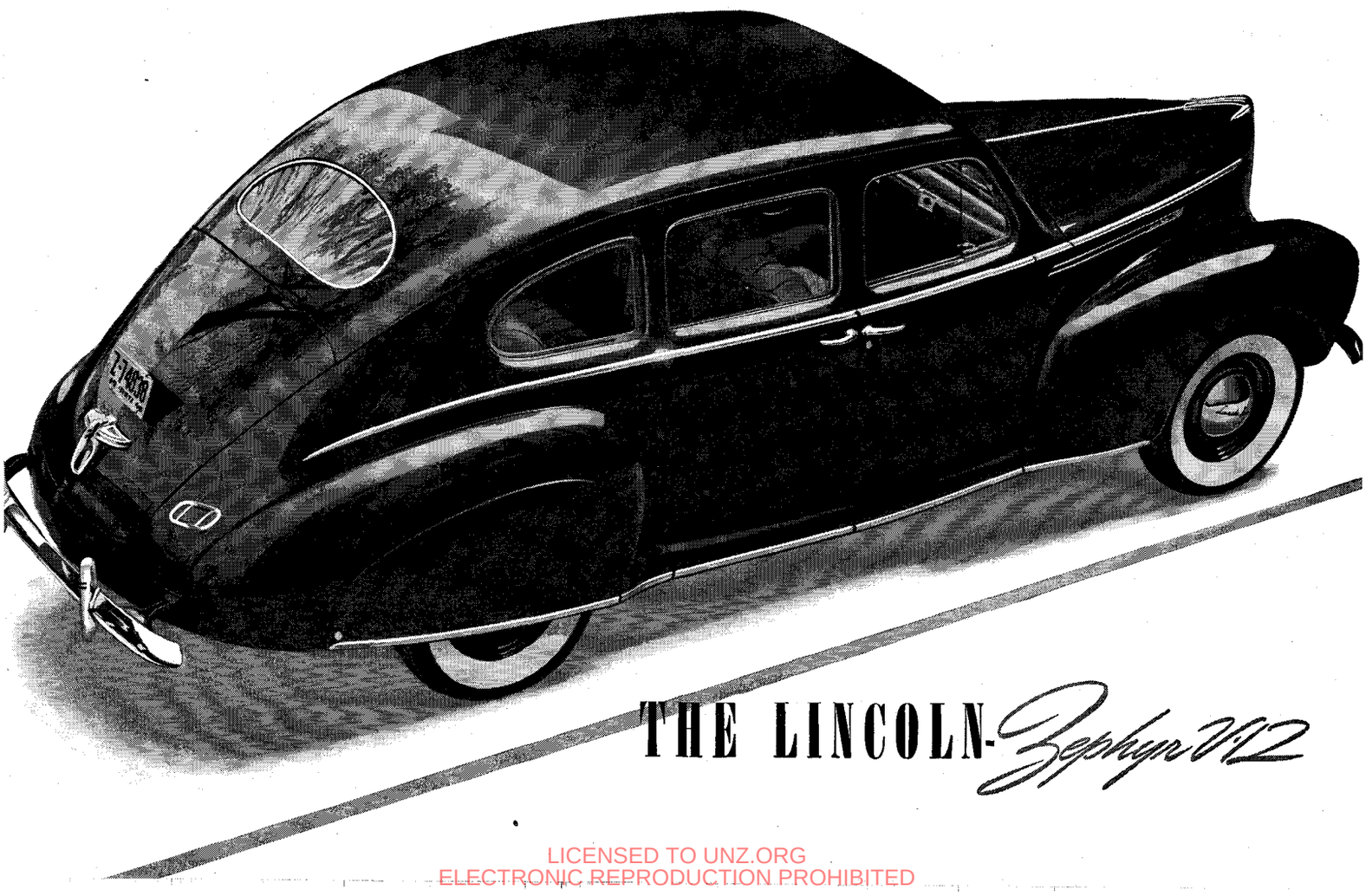

THE LINCOLN-Zephyr V-12

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Trio and Nicki Raymond's orchestra supply entertainment enough for so small a spot.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeably unhurried place, with Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A handy oasis for upper East Siders, and nice enough for anyone else willing to travel a bit off the beaten path. A quintet plays for dancing.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Carol Bruce and Bob Knight's orchestra are in the new Café at the supper hour. Felix Ferry is in charge of things.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra will be in the Persian Room until it closes on Sat., June 29.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—Way, way up there, you'll find George Lloyd, eating that peanut-butter sandwich, and Ray Heatherton's orchestra. . . . Marlynn and Michael are in their third year in the Rainbow Grill, where Barry Winton's orchestra plays.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Mary Parker, Bill Daniel, and their circus on the Viennese Roof will be replaced on Mon., July 1, by a new show. Hal Saunders' orchestra will remain. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is practically a fixture in the Café Lounge, where Emile Petti's orchestra supplies the music.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The same faces at their accustomed places. Ernie Holst's orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Tony Martin is singing here through Tues., July 2. Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra, alternating at supper with Mischa Borr's, plays for dancing under the blue electric stars of the Starlight Roof.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Billie Haywood's swing singing and Paula Laurence's amusing songs are something to listen to. Entertainment from 11 P.M. on; no dancing. May close Sat., June 29. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by Frank Mandella's orchestra. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below. No dancing. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with a mite of a dance floor. . . . **ASTOR ROOF,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Joe Venuti's orchestra (to be replaced by Larry Clinton's on Fri., July 5). . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Al Kavelin's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA ROOF,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **BOSSERT MARINE ROOF,** Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): quite a trip, maybe, but the view of the harbor is fine when you get there; Eddie Lane's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **KIT KAT CLUB,** 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543): a Negro show and Connie McLean's band; for late prowlers, this one. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge in a Billy Rose show. . . . **BEACHCOMBER,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): one of Broadway's best, to judge by the crowds, with a South Sea setting and the emphasis all on Zombies; Sonny Kendis's orchestra, except Mon. . . . **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical place, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and, through Thurs., June 27, Mary Jane Walsh. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Nano Rodrigo's orchestra and a Latin show. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White's broad humor continues to be the main attraction.

AL-FRESCO DINING—With dancing: **CLAREMONT INN,** Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600); and **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954). . . . Without dancing: **CHATHAM WALK,** Vanderbilt at 48 (VO 5-5400); **PAVILLON MARGUERY,** 270 Park, at 47 (WI 2-9000); the Japanese Garden of the **RITZ-CARLTON,** Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600); and the **PROMENADE CAFÉ,** in the Sunken Plaza, Radio City (CI 6-5800).

PURE SWING—At the **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for admirers who just sit around the bar admiring. Adele Girard is there, too. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with James P. Johnson's band (to be replaced on Tues., July 2, by Teddy Wilson's), Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson and Ammons. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Joe Sullivan, Eddie Condon, and Peewee Russell are some of the boys in the coöperative band here. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar place, with, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's trio.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

Two Viennese places started by refugees who carry on with lots of spirit, especially at the supper hour: **ALT WIEN,** 323 E. 79 (RH 4-8966); and **WIENER FIAKER,** 223 W. 80 (TR 4-9245).

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 6. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—Ben Riley's **ARROWHEAD INN,** Henry Hudson P'kway, at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000): Irving Conn's orchestra. . . . Ben Marden's **RIVIERA,** at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Leo Reisman's orchestra, Pancho's rumba band, and a show. . . . **WESTCHESTER BATH CLUB,** 10 Lawn Terrace, Mamaroneck (Mamaroneck 543): Chiquito's rumba band and Jack Towne's orchestra. . . . **GLEN ISLAND CASINO,** off Shore Rd., New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480): Bobby Byrne's orchestra. . . . **CHANTICLER,** Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): George Sterney's orchestra.

FURTHER OUT OF TOWN—The Spanish Grill of the **MONMOUTH HOTEL,** Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330): Walter Feldkamp's orchestra. . . . **PERONA FARM,** Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Ray Rizzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon.

NOTE—Wanderers in search of shore dinners out Coney Island way might try **LUNDY'S,** Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay (DE 6-9090); **FELTMAN'S,** Surf Ave., Coney Island (CO 6-0046); or **VILLEPIGUE'S INN,** Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay (SH 3-8000).

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DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Places to dine (mostly without dancing) while motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill Restaurant, on Jericho Turnpike (Huntington 1371). . . . **AMAWALK, N.Y.:** Benedusi's, on Route 202 (Yorktown 984). . . . **COLD SPRING, N.Y.:** Harbor Hill Inn, on Lane Gate Rd., off Route 301 (Cold Spring 975). . . . **NEW CITY, N.Y.:** French Farms (New City 981). . . . **MT. KISCO, N.Y.:** Lawrence Farms Inn, on Route 117 (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . . **GREENWOOD LAKE, N.Y.:** New Continental Hotel, on Route 201 (Greenwood Lake 63). . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers Inn, on Route 22 (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.:** Rainbow Tea House (Bedford Village 616). . . . **CROTON, N.Y.:** Tumble Inn, on the Albany Post Rd. (Croton 931); dancing Wed. and Sat. Eves. . . . **SLOATSBURG, N.Y.:** Vailati's, on Route 17, near Tuxedo (Sloatsburg 245). . . . **HAWTHORNE, N.Y.:** Valley View Farm, on Old Saw Mill River Rd., near P'kway (Pleasantville 120). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Cobb's Mill Inn, on Route 57 (Westport 4330); dancing Wed. and Sat. Eves. . . . **BRIDGEWATER, CONN.:** Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Outpost Inn, on Route 35 (Ridgefield 882); dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern, Perry and Silvermine Aves. (Norwalk 88). . . . **REDDING RIDGE, CONN.:** Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . . **SOUTHPORT, CONN.:** Tide Mill Tavern, off Post Rd. (Fairfield 9-2900). . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn, on Route 7 (Danbury 4548). . . . **ALPINE, N.J.:** Le Petit Pavillon Royal, on Route 9W (Closter 788). . . . **BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.:** Old Mill Inn, on Route 32 (Bernardsville 70). . . . **DOYLESTOWN, PA.:** Water Wheel Tavern, Old Route 611 (Doylestown 7941).

ART

ABSTRACTIONISTS—A small group of works by Americans, done mainly in a style midway between Kandinsky and Bauer: Museum for Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through June 30.

BOBERMAN, MÈGE, AND ORTIZ—Bold landscapes by Ortiz stand out in this show of three little-known contemporary Frenchmen: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (closed Thurs., July 4); through July 31.

EUROPEANS—Max Beckmann, Paul Klee, Juan Gris, and Picasso in a lively mixture of German and French moderns: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 1 to 5:30 P.M.; through June 28.

EUROPEANS AND AMERICANS—A varied show of modern painters, with the Americans—Hartley, Nordfeldt, Maurer, to name a few—coming out on top: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (closed Thurs. and Sat., July 4 and 6); through Sept. 28.

FRENCH GROUPS—At the **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64: rather run-of-the-mill show of moderns; for the benefit of the French Artists' Aid. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 12 noon; through June 29. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: an attractively contrasted group of works by modern and modern-primitive artists of the Paris school. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. (closed Thurs., July 4); through Aug. 30. . . . **HARRIMAN,** 63 E. 57: selected paintings from this gallery's collection. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 14.

GROUPS—At the **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: a charmingly tropical Lebduska in a diversified group of modern Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M. (closed Thurs. and Sat., July 4 and 6); through Sept. 1. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: agreeably typical pieces by Leon Kroll, Stephen Etnier, and others of this gallery's group. Daily 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 28. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 38 W. 57: Lebduska, Gerard Hordyk, and Louis Bosa are the standouts in a mixed collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 10:30); through July 12. . . . **460 PARK AVENUE,** at 57: George Parker, Byron Thomas, Paul Lantz, and others in a seasonal review. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 29. . . . **REHN,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: Brook, Mattson, Marsh, and—for old times' sake—a never-before-shown George Bellows. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. (closed Thurs., July 4); through July 19. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: brisk, vigorous work by a group that includes Doris Rosenthal, Frederic Taubes, and Miron Sokole. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 29. . . . **WALKER,** 108 E. 57: a flamboyant Curry and a sunny seascape by Andrée Ruellan liven things up here. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 28. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS',** 711 5 Ave., at 55: Benton, Bohrod, Soyer, and a lot of others in an end-of-the-season roundup. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (closed Thurs. and Sat., July 4 and 6); through Aug. 2.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Mexican art from away back right up to the present in a big, varied, but surprisingly coherent show that fills the Museum and overflows into the garden behind it. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., June 30, and Thurs., July 4, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

RED CROSS BENEFIT—A handsome, rarely seen Rembrandt and two fine van Goghs head a beautifully selected collection of paintings by Dutch, French, and English masters: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., June 29, 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through July 12.

ROWLANDSON—Sixty original wash drawings by the eighteenth-century English satirist; for the benefit of the American Theatre Wing of the Allied Relief Fund: Newton, 11 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through July 13.

VAN GOGH—Fourteen paintings from the Netherlands government collection, most of them never shown here before; also, an exhibition of Dutch East Indies folk art (through June 28): Holland House, 10 Rockefeller Plaza. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (closed Thurs., July 4); Sat., 10 A.M. to 12 noon; through July 13.

WASHINGTON ARTISTS—Freshly fanciful oils by Bernice Cross lead the list in a showing of works by the

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Phillips Memorial Gallery's group: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 28.

Women Artists—Colorful, decorative, and occasionally exciting show of works by members of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors: Argent, 42 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 28.

Here and There—At the **Grand Central**, 15 Vanderbilt, at 43: selected paintings from the 1939 San Francisco World's Fair. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 28. . . . **Morton**, 130 W. 57: oils by Gerald C. McGerr and water colors by Wolfgang Wolff. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 28. . . . **Nierendorf**, 18 E. 57: an exhibition of early Chinese art, brought to this country recently. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 3. . . . **Clay Club**, 4 W. 8: a showing of terra-cotta sculptures; a benefit for the Red Cross. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5, and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through July 13. . . . **A.C.A.**, 52 W. 8: group show of works by Young Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 13.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Smallens conducting, Thurs. and Fri., June 27-28, and Tues. through Sat., July 2-6; Rodzinski conducting, Sat. and Sun., June 29-30; Kostelanetz conducting, Mon., July 1. Special features: the Ballet Theatre in "Les Sylphides," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Voices of Spring," June 27-28; Lily Pons, July 1. At 8:45 P.M. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400.)

Goldman Band—At **Central Park Mall**, Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves., at 8:30; **Prospect Park**, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., at 8:30.

Opera—A benefit performance of "Carmen," for British relief, Fri. Eve., June 28, at 8:30. (Mecca Auditorium, 133 W. 55. Tickets: Mrs. George Seymour Repton, Hotel Delmonico. VO 5-2500.)

Out of Town—Chamber-music concerts by the Gordon String Quartet: The Hall, Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sun. Afts., at 4. . . . Eighteenth-century music by the Bach Circle of New York: The Playhouse, at Dunrovin, the estate of William Matheus Sullivan, Ridgefield, Conn., Sun. Aft., June 30, at 4. (Tickets: Bach Circle of New York, 63 W. 56. CI 6-9787.) . . . Efrem Zimbalist, in a benefit recital for the American Field Service: Great Neck High School Auditorium, Great Neck, L.I., Sun. Eve., June 30, at 8:30. . . . The Colony Opera Guild presenting "Così Fan Tutte": Barn Theatre, on the estate of Mrs. Charles S. Peabody, Bolton Rd., Bolton Landing, N.Y., Fri. Eve., July 5, at 8:45.

SPORTS

Baseball—At **Yankee Stadium**: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri. Aft., June 28, at 3:15; Sat. Aft., June 29, at 3; and Sun. Aft., June 30 (doubleheader), at 2. . . . **Polo Grounds**: Giants vs. Boston, Mon. and Tues. Afts., July 1-2, at 3:15. Giants vs. Dodgers, Wed. Aft., July 3, at 3:15; and Thurs. Aft., July 4 (doubleheader), at 1:30. Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri. Aft., July 5, at 3:15; and Sat. Aft., July 6, at 3. . . . **Ebbets Field**: Dodgers vs. Chicago, Thurs. Aft., June 27, at 3. Dodgers vs. Boston, Fri. Aft., June 28, at 3; Sat. Aft., June 29, at 2:30; and Sun. Aft., June 30 (doubleheader), at 2:05.

Boxing—Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City: Max Baer vs. Tony Galento, heavyweights, Tues. Eve., July 2; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

Dog Show—Southampton Kennel Club, Southampton G.C., Sat., July 6, at 9 A.M.

Flying—National Gliding and Soaring Contest, Elmira, N.Y., Sat., June 29, through Sun., July 14.

Golf—Women's Long Island Championship, Women's National Golf and Tennis Club, Glen Head; through Fri., June 28. . . . Women's Westchester and Fairfield County Championships, Wee Burn C.C., Darien, Conn.; through Fri., June 28. . . . National Intercollegiate Championship, Ekwanok C.C., Manchester, Vt.; through Sat., June 29. . . . New Jersey Amateur, Hackensack G.C., Oradell; through Sat., June 29. . . . Westchester Seniors' Annual Tournament, Westchester Hills G.C., White Plains, Thurs. and Fri., June 27-28. . . . Westchester Amateur, Pelham C.C., Pelham Manor, Thurs. through Sat., June 27-29. . . . Westchester Junior, Apawamis Club, Rye, Tues. and Wed., July 2-3. . . . Long Island Amateur, Sands Point Club, Port Washington, Fri. through Sun., July 5-7.

Horse Shows—Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, Conn., Thurs. through Sat., June 27-29, at 9 A.M. . . . Sands Point, L.I., Sun., June 30, at 10 A.M.

Polo—Benefit match at Bostwick Field, Jericho Turnpike (Route 25), Westbury, Sun. Aft., June 30, at 3:30. . . . Championship games at the Meadow Brook Club, Westbury; Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 3:30, and Tues. and Thurs. Afts. at 5.

Racing—Daily at Aqueduct, at 2:15 P.M.; through Sat., June 29. The Brooklyn Handicap, June 29. (Special trains leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:50 and 1:45 P.M. on Thurs. and Fri., and between 12:25 and 1:45 P.M. on Sat.) . . . Weekdays at Empire City, at 2:15 P.M., beginning Mon., July 1. Demoiselle Stakes, July 4; the Butler Handicap, July 6. (Special trains will leave Grand Central weekdays at 1:20 and 1:45 P.M.) . . . Yankee Handicap, at Suffolk Downs, Thurs., July 4.

Speedboats—Intercollegiate Championships, Geneva, N.Y., Sat. and Sun. Afts., June 29-30, at about 1.

Tennis—National Intercollegiate Championships, Merion C.C., Haverford, Pa.; daily through Sat., June 29, at 2:30 P.M. . . . East vs. West matches, Allegheny C.C., Sewickley Heights, Pa., Fri. through Sun. Afts., June 28-30, at 2:30. . . . New York State Clay Court Championships, Seminole Club, Forest Hills, start Sat., July 6.

Yachting—McMillan Cup Series, Intercollegiate finals, Mantoloking Y.C., Barnegat Bay, N.J., Thurs. and Fri., June 27-28.

Championship races on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: New Rochelle Y.C., Sat., June 29; American Y.C., Wed., July 3; Larchmont Y.C., Thurs., July 4; Indian Harbor Y.C., Fri. and Sat., July 5-6.

ROBERT COURTNEY DAVIS,

executive director of the New York Chapter of the American Red Cross, and major general, United States Army, retired. He is so busy now trying to raise $2,000,000, the local quota for war relief, that he has temporarily given up golf, his only hobby. He has seen military service in Cuba, the Philippines, and France, and has been decorated by Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Panama, and Montenegro. By this week, his organization had raised $1,411,976, leaving $588,024 to go.

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OTHER EVENTS

Barnard Abbaye—The museum, with its collection of Romanesque and Gothic sculpture, stained glass, and other works of art assembled by the late George Grey Barnard: 700 Ft. Washington Ave., at 189. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

Morgan Library—This year's exhibit of rare literary and artistic works includes illuminated medieval manuscripts, autographed manuscripts by Milton, Thackeray, Dickens, Stevenson, and Mark Twain, and drawings by Hogarth, Raphael, and Dürer: 29 E. 36. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. (closed Thurs., July 4); through July 31.

ON THE AIR

Racing—The Brooklyn Handicap, at Aqueduct, Sat. Aft., June 29, at 4:30, WJZ.

News Commentators—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:45, and Wed. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Elmer Davis, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 6:45, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: Sun. at 3:30 P.M., and Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; weekdays at 6:45 and 10:30 P.M., WABC; Sun. at 7 P.M., WJZ and WABC.

Television—The Republican National Convention: Thurs. and Fri., June 27-28, at 11 A.M. and 2:30 and 9 P.M., W2XBS.

MOTION PICTURES

The Baker's Wife—A racy French item, with a great deal of charm, about a peasant (Raimu) who has wife trouble. (World, 153 W. 49.)

Gone with the Wind—Vivien Leigh, Olivia de Havilland, Clark Gable, and crowds and armies, all with plenty of time to give us their best. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. . . . Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; weekdays at 10:20 A.M. and 2:20 and 8:20 P.M.; Sun. at 3 and 8:20 P.M.)

The Mortal Storm—Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan in a restrained yet terrifying story of a German family and how it fared after Hitler began to come into power. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

Ninotchka—The delightful Garbo comedy (with Ina Claire and Melvyn Douglas, too), done in the best and most frivolous Lubitsch manner. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., June 27-28.)

Rebecca—Joan Fontaine, Judith Anderson, and Laurence Olivier, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, in that moody tale of a British manor house and its unhappy occupants. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Thurs. through Mon., June 27-July 1. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Tues., July 2. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; and Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., June 29-July 1.)

Torrid Zone—Tough and cheerful, with Ann Sheridan, Cagney, and O'Brien. High doings down there in the banana country of South America. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs. through Mon., June 27-July 1. . . . Palace, B'way at 47; Thurs. through Wed., June 27-July 3.)

REVIVALS

Angel (1937)—Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, and Melvyn Douglas. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., July 2-4.)

Beloved Enemy (1936)—Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., July 2-3.)

The Birth of a Nation (1915)—With Lillian Gish. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Thurs., June 28-July 4.)

The Count of Monte Cristo (1934)—Elissa Landi and Robert Donat. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., July 4-5.)

Desire (1936)—Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., June 27.)

Elephant Boy (1937)—With Sabu. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., June 27. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., July 3-5.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—With Robert Donat. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., June 29-July 2.)

Holiday (1938)—Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs. and Fri., July 4-5.)

I'll Take Romance (1937)—Grace Moore and Melvyn Douglas. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., July 4-5.)

Jamaica Inn (1939)—With Charles Laughton. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. and Sat., June 28-29.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—Edna Best, Nova Pilbeam, and Peter Lorre. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sun. and Mon., June 30-July 1.)

La Maternelle (1935)—French film. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., July 2-4.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—With Charles Laughton. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., July 3-5.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Merle Oberon and Leslie Howard. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., June 29-July 2.)

The Scoundrel (1935)—Noel Coward and Julie Haydon. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., June 30-July 1.)

Stand-In (1937)—Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs. and Fri., June 27-28.)

Trade Winds (1937)—Joan Bennett and Fredric March. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., July 2-3.)

You're Telling Me (1934)—With W. C. Fields. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., July 2-3.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following Douglas Fairbanks films weekdays at 4 P.M., and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: "The Three Musketeers," Thurs., June 27, and Fri., July 5. "The Thief of Bagdad," Fri., June 28. "The Black Pirate," Sat., June 29. "Around the World in Eighty Minutes," Sun., June 30. Excerpts from "The Lamb," "The Mollycoddle," "Say, Young Fellow," "Knickerbocker Buckaroo," "A Modern Musketeer," "Don Q," and "The Taming of the Shrew," Mon., July 1. "Manhattan Madness" and "Wild and Woolly," Tues., July 2. "When the Clouds Roll By" and "The Nut," Wed., July 3. "The Mark of Zorro," Thurs., July 4. "Robin Hood," Sat., July 6.

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THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area perks up in the late afternoon and keeps going until 2 A.M. . . . Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9:15, on Liberty Lake at 10. . . . The places you most want to see are almost sure to be crowded, at least in good weather.

TRANSPORTATION

By Rail—The L.I.R.R.: the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9:45 P.M., from Tracks 15 and 16, Penn. Station (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2:58 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run. . . . **Independent Subway:** best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan. . . . *I.R.T. and B.-M.T.: Flushing trains stop at exhibit-area gate.*

By Auto—Cars not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

By Bus—Double-decker Fifth Avenue bus (No. 15) starts at 25th St., turns East on 57th St., and crosses the Queensboro Bridge, providing a slow but reasonably comfortable trip to the transportation-area gate.

At the Fair—*Roller and motor chairs with guides* may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last-minute changes in programs and schedules.)

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

Ford (G)—Rides on elevated highways, and a field where a flock of tractors drills and tills. Once an hour, the Ballet Caravan dances a jaunty interpretation of how the horse has been done in by the automobile.

Gardens on Parade (A)—Roses are the main show now, but there will also be exhibitions of lilies and iris on Thurs. and Fri., June 27-28, and delphiniums on Sat. and Sun., June 29-30. Admission, 25 cents.

General Motors (F)—*The lines waiting to get into* the Futurama are frequently more incredible than the vistas of things to come shown inside. Opens at 9 A.M.

House of Jewels (C)—A fabulous assortment of diamonds and other precious stones awesomely displayed. Opens at 11 A.M., closes at 9 P.M.

Masterpieces of Art (C)—Not so brilliant as last year's show but full of good paintings nevertheless. This now contains roughly 400 canvases, ranging from the sixteenth to the twentieth centuries. *Admission: 50 cents weekdays, 25 cents* Sun.

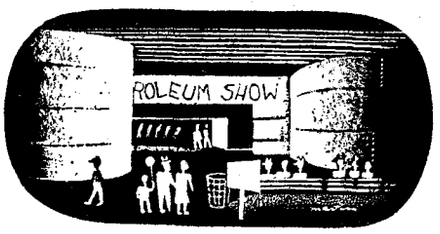
Railroads (F)—The big pageant of railroading called "Railroads on Parade," with genuine rolling stock and Kurt Weill music, is shown daily at 11:30 A.M. and 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Admission, 25 cents and 55 cents. . . . "Railroads in Action," an elaborate model-train show, runs continuously from 10:15 A.M. to 8:15 P.M.

Telephones (C)—Sooner or later everyone joins the crowd eavesdropping on visitors calling up the folks back home. *A machine named the Voder* defies you to say a word it can't pronounce.

Trylon and Perisphere—Democracity, you remember. Admission, 25 cents.

World of Fashion (D)—Several of the leading stores and designers hereabouts joining in an impressive display of feminine fashions and accessories. A fashion show, with models wearing the latest gowns, is presented weekdays at 4:30 and 8 P.M.

Others of Interest—At **America at Home** (C): a theatrical arrangement of model interiors, from which you may pick up some useful pointers. . . . **American Art Today** (A): a big, lively exhibit of what the WPA is doing in the way of paintings, sculptures, prints, murals, and folk art. . . . **Aviation** (G): a new Army pursuit plane, camouflaged and capable of 400 miles an hour, among a number of other aircraft. . . . **Borden's** (D): cows, apparently very happy in a luxurious setting. . . . **Chrysler** (F): an impudent talking Plymouth and a hint of what a rocket port might look like if we ever take to travelling by rocket. . . . **Consolidated Edison** (D): a diorama of New York, with lights flashing and subways scurrying about. . . . **du Pont** (D): a sober account of how chemistry produces nylon and performs other acts of alchemy. . . . **Electric Utilities** (E): New York in its gaslit days. . . . **Electrified Farm** (A): turn a switch and the crops come up. . . . **Firestone** (G): tires manufactured while you wait, and a small, amusing zoo in a jungle setting. . . . **General Electric** (E): artificial lightning, real enough to scare the wits out of you, and some diverting acts of electrical prestidigitation. . . . **Glass Center** (D): how glass-blowers work. . . . **Goodrich** (F): male and female daredevil



A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE INDULGENT FAIRGOER

A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND. THIS LISTING COVERS THE PERIOD FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 27, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, JULY 3.

drivers risking their necks; shows Mon. through Fri. at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **Hall of Inventions** (D): actual models, brainwaves of the nineteenth century mostly, from the Patent Office's collection. . . . **Kodak** (D): colored photographs impressively flashed on several big screens at once, and, outdoors, trick backgrounds for camera zealots to try out. . . . **Petroleum** (D): a full-sized oil derrick boring hundreds of feet under Flushing—so far, at least, without striking oil. . . . **R.C.A.** (C): up-to-the-minute television. . . . **Stamp Exhibit**, in the British Building (A): an unusual exhibition, including the Mauritius error, commemorating the centennial of the stick-on stamp. . . . **Westinghouse** (E): an outside robot man and his robot dog. . . . **Zoological Wonders** (H): Pandora, the panda; Electra, the eel; and a flock of penguins.

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Foreign Buildings—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. There are fewer of them this year, but among the attractive ones still open are those of Great Britain, Poland, Finland, and Brazil. Whether the two large buildings of France and Italy will have to *close now is a question.* The *pavilions of* Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, and Sweden (D) are run by sympathetic private groups. As before, many of the buildings have restful gardens and attractive bars.

State Exhibits—Most of these are cluttered up with statistics, but Florida's (I) has an attractive coral beach on the lake front, and an attractive interior, too. New York's (I) offers some rare historical documents, and the New England group (B) shows a schooner, which children like to *clamber over.*

THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

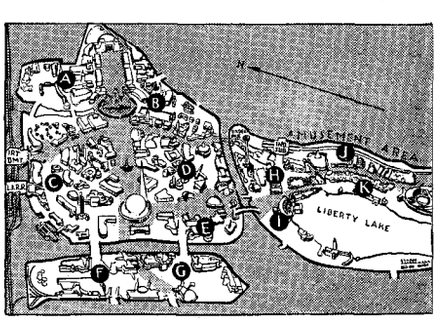
American Jubilee (K)—The Fair's own rather ponderous historical pageant, staged by Leon Leonidoff, with Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, Wynn Murray, and Paul Haakon heading a cast of 350. Songs by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Daily at 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.; extra show Sat., Sun., and Thurs., July 4, at 3:30 P.M.

Aquacade (I)—A fresh version of the *Billy* Rose water spectacle that did so well last year. Eleanor Holm is back, and among the other performers are Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Barbary Coast (J)—The customers, ranged along a huge bar, are prodded into noisy singing by Kay Parsons and a group of musical waiters.

Dancing Campus (I)—An outdoor dance floor big enough for the young to cut their wildest capers. Dancing from about 6 P.M. on.

Gay New Orleans (H)—Michael Todd's newcomer, and almost a Fair in itself. Restaurants and bars, and a steady round of Negro and white revues beautifully staged out of doors by Hassard Short. A midnight Mardi Gras show tops things off.



Girl Shows—Generally speaking, they aren't what they were last year, but if you want to see for yourself, here are a few typical ones: **Living Magazine Covers** (H), self-conscious young ladies posing before self-conscious gapers. . . . **Twenty Thousand Legs Under the Sea** (J), a girl who wrestles on a stage with a papier-mâché octopus doesn't add much to what's left of Dali's old mermaid show. . . . **White Way Casino** (K), Rosita Royce and her doves, surrounded by a routine half-hour series of vaudeville acts. . . . **Zorima** (K), sacrificing an undressed savage lady to the gods.

Parachute Jump (H)—Off to a late start this year, but the 20-story drop is just as exciting as ever.

Rides—Some of the better speed-and-swoop-devices: **Aerial Joyride** (K), steerable planes attached to a whirling pole; **Bobsled** (K), a fast trip down and around a trackless chute; **Comet** (K), a new and speedy chute-the-chutes; **Cyclone** (K), you may remember this roller coaster from last year; **Flying Scooters** (H), more whirling planes which you help guide; **Over the Top** (K), gondolas on the ends of a pole spin you around and turn you upside down; **Sky Ride** (H), a placid, joltless view of the Fair from about 150 feet up; **Snapper** (K), circular cars darting from one revolving platform to another; **Water Bugs** (J), a Dodgem done with boats in a big tank.

The Streets of Paris (H)—Another of Michael Todd's. A shortened production, in the Fair's big Music Hall, of last year's Broadway revue. Gypsy Rose Lee undresses with considerable aplomb. Mon. through Fri. at 5, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.; Sat., Sun., and Thurs., July 4, at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.

Winter Wonderland (J)—A show on skates and skis in last summer's Sun Valley. Frequent performances during the late afternoon and evening.

Zombie (J)—A bar and a tropical-island setting, with John Kirby's orchestra and a rumba band. Something like the Beachcomber on Broadway, and run by the same entrepreneur.

Some Others—At **Jungleland** (J): Frank Buck has added new animals and acts to his circus and more monkeys to the swarm on his mountain. . . . **Midget Town** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village. . . . **Odditorium** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people, an offshoot of the one on Broadway. . . . **Wall of Death** (K): hair-raising stunts by motorcyclists on the vertical walls of a motordrome.

Note—A few special features of the amusement area are a fenced-in playground (H), where children may be checked by the hour; a small trapshoot (H); a roller-skating rink (H); an outdoor bowling alley (K); and passenger-propelled pedal boats at the dock near Heineken's (H).

RESTAURANTS

(This is a list of some eating places at the Fair which, for one reason or another—frequently the setting—seem to call for special notice, but there are many others equally satisfactory. The service at any of them may be sketchy during hours when they're crowded.)

Ballantine's (H): the veteran of the amusement area, providing food without too many frills and offering a new outdoor bar. . . . **Belgian Building** (B): an awninged terrace, with one of the best views of the Lagoon show. . . . **Brazilian Building** (A): lilting music most of the time and dancing at dinner. . . . **French Building** (A): one can only hope that it will be possible for this popular and superior restaurant to remain open. . . . **Gardens on Parade** (A): simple, satisfying fare in a shaded outdoor setting, and, because there's an admission fee, less likely to be crowded. . . . **Heineken's** (H): Dutch cooking, but, unfortunately, no more Holland beer. . . . **Hungarian Pavilion** (A): you can get goulash at the standup bar or retire to the restaurant upstairs for a greater variety of those good paprika dishes. . . . **Iraq Pavilion** (A): the Bagdad Restaurant, serving the kind of food that makes the Arabs strong. . . . **McGinnis** (C): sea food and charcoal-broiled steaks in rambling, informal surroundings. . . . **Norwegian Building** (B): you won't want to miss the *smörgåsbord* here, and there's a supply of Norwegian beer to sample. . . . **Pabst** (K): a lakeside, tree-shaded setting gives this modest beer garden a lift. . . . **Polish Building** (A): they haven't much left in the way of supplies from the home country, but the cooking's just as good as it ever was. . . . **Ponce de Leon Patio** (I): real Spanish dishes served against the Florida Building's tropical background. . . . **Ruby Foo's Lama Temple** (J): you ought to like Chinese cooking in this setting even if you never liked it before. . . . **Rumania** (B): reasonably good fare in a charming restaurant and garden. . . . **Swedish Building** (D): snacks in a large, shady courtyard and more substantial meals in the restaurant nearby. . . . **Swiss Building** (A): gaily informal, either indoors or out under the maples. . . . **Washington Hall** (K): the screened veranda overlooking the lake has a more leisurely and Continental air about it than you'd perhaps expect to find in the amusement area.

The following are also recommended: British Buttery (A), Childs (F), Czecho-Slovakian Pavilion (B), Finnish Pavilion (A), Gay New Orleans (H), Schaefer Center (D), Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C), Winter Wonderland (J), and World of Fashion (D).

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STOP HITLER NOW!

WE AMERICANS have naturally wished to keep out of this war—to take no steps which might lead us in. But—

We now know that every step the French and British fall back brings war and world revolution closer to US—our country, our institutions, our homes, our hopes for peace.

Hitler is striking with all the terrible force at his command. His is a desperate gamble, and the stakes are nothing less than domination of the whole human race.

If Hitler wins in Europe—if the strength of the British and French armies and navies is forever broken—the United States will find itself alone in a barbaric world—a world ruled by Nazis, with "spheres of influence" assigned to their totalitarian allies. However different the dictatorships may be, racially, they all agree on one primary objective: *"Democracy must be wiped from the face of the earth."*

The world will be placed on a permanent war footing. Our country will have to pile armaments upon armaments to maintain even the illusion of security. We shall have no other business, no other aim in life, but primitive self-defense. We shall exist only under martial law—or the law of the jungle. Our economic structure will have to be adjusted to that of our gangster competitors. We shall have to change ourselves from easy-going individuals into a "dynamic race."

"Government of the people, by the people, for the people" —if Hitler wins, this will be the discarded ideal of a decayed civilization.

Is this "Alarmism"? Then so is the challenging scream of an air-raid siren, warning civilians that death is coming from the skies. We have ample cause for deepest alarm. It should impel us, not to hysteria, but to resolute action.

It is obvious that there is no immediate danger of direct invasion of the United States. Hitler doesn't strike directly when he doesn't have to. He edges up on his major victims, approaching through the territory of small and defenseless neighbors.

We have twenty-one neighbors in this hemisphere, in addition to the colonial possessions of Britain, France, Holland and Denmark. We must not forget that however wide the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans may be, the Canadian and Mexican borders are no barriers to invasion.

The Monroe Doctrine is not an automatic safety catch, securing the entrance to our hemisphere from all intruders. We have to enforce it—all the way from Greenland and Alaska to Cape Horn. Furthermore, we have to guard night and day against the manifold enemies from within. We can not ignore the fact that Trojan horses are grazing in all the fertile fields of North and South America.

The Western Hemisphere contains the richest territory for exploitation on earth today. And the international gangsters want it. They have already started the process of taking it. For many years the agents of the Nazis have been effectively at work in Latin America, gaining ground by persuasion, bribery, intimidation. They have been fighting a trade war and a political war; and what we have lately seen in Norway and Holland and Belgium proves to us that these agents are ready to fight a military war when the orders come through from home.

"Divide—and conquer!" has been the Nazi watchword in the insidious invasion of all countries. The preliminary work of division has been carried on here with devastating success.

We can and should and will devote ourselves to a vast program of defense. But we must not try to fool ourselves into thinking that security can be bought. It will be achieved only by unity of purpose among ourselves, by the spirit of sacrifice that we can summon from our own hearts and minds. Overwhelming destiny will not be stopped "with the help of God and a few Marines."

This is a job for *all* of us! It will take years for us to build the necessary machines and to train the men who will run them. Will the Nazis considerately wait until we are ready to fight them?

How long shall *we* wait before making it known to Hitler and the masters of all the slave states that we are vitally concerned in the outcome of this war—that we would consider a victory for the man unmitigated calamity for civilization?

Whatever our feelings about the tragic mistakes of statesmanship in England and France we know now that the free people of those nations are willing to fight with inspiring heroism to defend their freedom. We know now that such men will die rather than surrender. But the stoutest hearts can not survive forever in the face of superior numbers and infinitely superior weapons.

There is nothing shameful in our desire to stay out of war, to save our youth from the dive bombers and the flame throwing tanks in the unutterable hell of modern warfare.

But is there not an evidence of suicidal insanity in our failure to help those who now stand between us and the creators of this hell?

THE FIFTH COLUMN

is led in this as in other countries by Nazis and Communists and their fellow travellers who are well trained in the dissemination of poisonous propaganda. Their object is to destroy national unity, to keep the United States in a state of confusion over all world issues so that we will be weak and helpless when our time comes. All Americans should beware the prevailing Nazi-Communist propaganda which attempts to capitalize our desire for peace by opposing all our moves toward national defense—sabotaging all aid to the Allies—preaching that Hitler has already won and we must meekly appease him.

WE CAN HELP—IF WE WILL ACT NOW

—before it is forever too late.

We can help by sending planes, guns, munitions, food. We can help to end the fear that American boys will fight and die in another Flanders, closer to home.

The members of our government are your servants. In an emergency as serious as this, they require the expression of your will. They must know that the American people are not afraid to cast off the hypocritical mask of neutrality, which deceives no one, including ourselves.

***Send a postcard, a letter, or a telegram, at once*—to the President of the United States, to your Senators and your Congressmen—urging that the *real* defense of our country must begin NOW—with aid to the Allies!**

The United States of America is still the most powerful nation on earth—and the United States of America is YOU!

COMMITTEE TO DEFEND AMERICA BY AIDING THE ALLIES

(Composed of representative Americans from all sections. Sub-committees are already in existence in eighty-five cities and towns.)

National Chairman—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, *Editor, The Emporia (Kansas) Gazette*

NEW YORK OFFICE: 8 WEST 40th STREET

In a dictatorship, the Government tells the people what to do. But—this is a Democracy—we can tell the Government what to do. Exercise your right as a free citizen.

Tell your President—your Senators—your Congressmen—that you want them to help the Allies to stop Hitler Now!

GIVE AND WORK

Dear Mr. White:

1. I send you herewith $..... to help continue the work of your committee.

2. Please send further information about organizing local branches of your committee to

.....
Name

.....
Address

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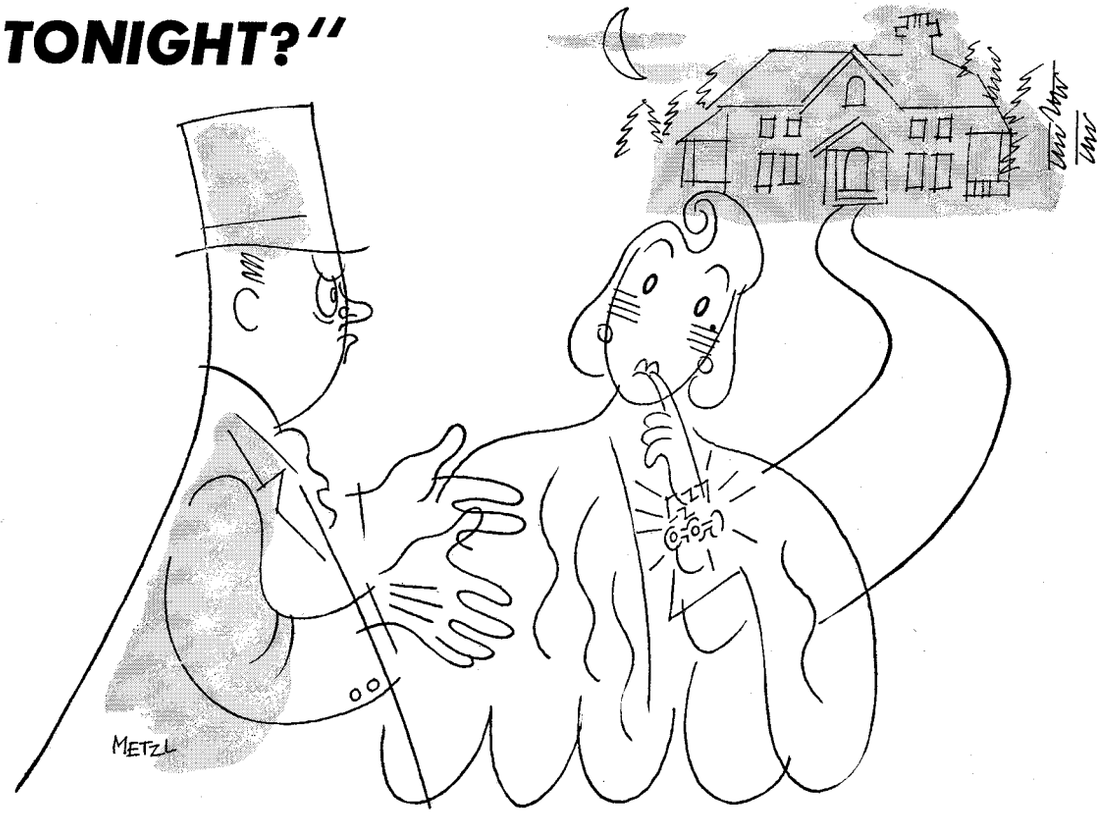
"EDNA!...ARE YOU SURE THE PARTY'S TONIGHT?"

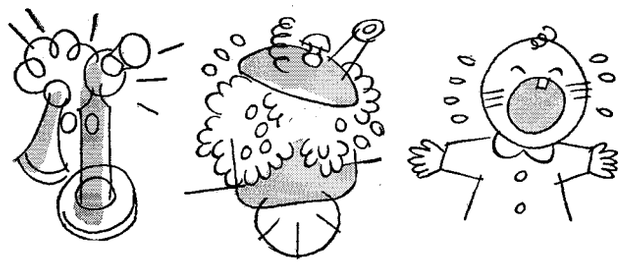


Oscar and Edna knew the minute they stepped out of the car that something was wrong. 'Twas to be a big party at the Titwilligers'—the biggest of the year. Then why was the house so dark and forbidding?

Here's why: Edna has made a slight mistake. The party was *last* night.

We know how you feel, Oscar. You want to pick up a blunt instrument and bash in the little woman's skull. But don't. Accidents like this happen in the best of families.

You see, it came about this way: When Mrs. Titwilliger phoned Edna and invited you to the party, lunch was on the stove and Edna had just spanked Junior for breaking a vase. You mustn't blame her for thinking Mrs. T. said *Tuesday* night. It's hard to concentrate on a phone call when you're preoccupied with a family crisis.

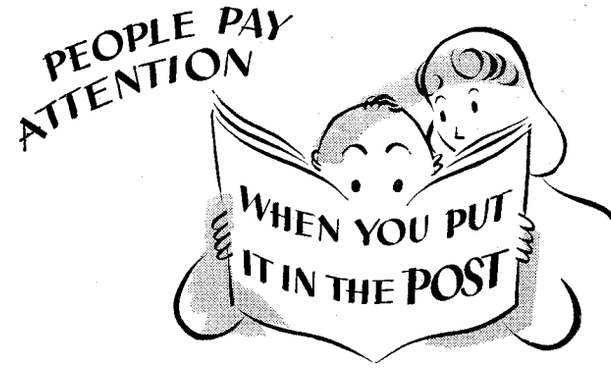


As a matter of fact, it's hard to concentrate on *any* one thing when your mind is on another. Advertisers know this. They wouldn't try to sell Edna a new washing machine at a time like that. They'd know that she simply couldn't pay attention.

Then what *do* they do? The most experienced advertisers meet the problem by putting their story in the magazine which they know Edna will turn to when the dishes are washed and Junior is safely in bed—the magazine in which people say they *like* to read advertising.

What magazine is that? Let the public tell you. Ask them: "In what magazine do you pay the most attention to advertising?" In survey after survey they answer:

That's why advertisers invest more money in The Saturday Evening Post than in any other magazine. They concentrate in the Post, where people concentrate on advertising.



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE has probably never been a time of such confused prophecy, no time when the nation has been led so frantically in so many directions at once. Walter Millis, an old isolationist, declared war on the German Reich personally in the *World-Telegram*, and was answered by Colonel Lindbergh, variously thought to be the voice of reaction and reason, who advised us against any further gesturings with an empty gun. Edna St. Vincent Millay, once the author of a poem called "Conscientious Objector," wrote another, in which she said that there are no islands any more and urged the utmost assistance to England and France. Miss Millay was contradicted by Representative Carl Vinson, among others, who warned the nation of the danger of stripping its defences by sending torpedo boats abroad. The President predicted a form of universal conscription, involving both young men and girls, and this was denounced by his opponents both as a menace to the democratic system and as another step along the road to war. Mr. Roosevelt, who had called Italy's entry into the war a knife thrust in the back, was warmly praised by people like Nicholas Murray Butler and Mayor LaGuardia and branded as a warmonger by Wendell Willkie and Thomas E. Dewey. So it went in that strange time when no man knew whether the familiar patterns of his lifetime could last another month. Listening to the radio, reading the papers, talking to our informed and positive friends, we suddenly realized how grateful we were that we lived in a country where all the nonsense, all the misinformation, could still be uttered, where all the loud voices could still contradict one another so furiously. Opinion was perfectly unanimous in Rome and Berlin and the many conquered cities all that week.

IN agreement with nearly everyone else who has spoken from a platform in the past few weeks, George Bundy, who delivered the Class Day oration at Yale, observed that "any man who has not surrendered his birthright will have ideals for which he is willing to die." His was a voice of gratifying dispassion, however, in these days of wild and thoughtless outcries. "I do not urge upon you a hasty willingness to die a martyr's death," said young Mr. Bundy. "It is advisable for you to make sure that your death will be of some use." George, we feel you gave the nail a tap on the head.

NO matter what happens, we think that the safest place on earth is California. We've had this idea for a long time and have just been strengthened in it by the news that a move is under way to organize a special defensive unit out there consisting of all California males over the age of forty-five. The official slogan will be "Death before Surrender." That anybody in the state so famous for its love and symmetry can believe that when the invader comes he will be especially interested in the surrender of middle-aged males seems to us just one more proof that California can reduce any situation to absurdity. Columns of savage, purposeful strangers may arrive at the gates, but once inside they will be no more than little bands of wandering neurotics, snatching at things that are not really there.

WE are glad to report that café society, as usual, is completely in tune with the times. A postcard from Mr. Sherman Billingsley, inviting us to visit the Stork Club, has on its reverse side a very fine drawing by James Montgomery Flagg showing a fashionable fist fight going on there.

SOON will come the summer, and the theatres in the dales, from Skowhegan to Bucks County, will be putting on the plays that will make the Summer People sit on hard little chairs. Laurette Taylor, Ina Claire, Luther Adler, Gertie Lawrence, and the Barrymores, Ethel and Diana, to mention but a few, will appear personally and larger than life at Litchfield, Westport, Amherst, Dennis, Maplewood, and Pawling. To all of this we look forward with mixed feelings. It will be odd, if nice, to hear the accents of Hollywood and Times Square coming down to us on the night air. The faces of the cast, pale and sickly after wintering in the caves of Fifty-second Street, will seem strange in all that rusticity. Strange, but probably no stranger than the plays themselves, which, according to a survey taken by the *Times*, run largely to things like "Outward Bound" and "Biography," with a sprinkling of Noel Coward. It will be a summer of memories and disbelief. The plays that were written under Coolidge, Hoover, and the bull market

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"Carter is unique. Ask him what England should do now and he says, 'I don't know.'"

• •

will only make us sad in the world of Roosevelt and total war. We shall probably get to some during the season. On the other hand, we may just go out and swim in the old quarry by moonlight—a macabre experience in itself.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: In the men's bar at the Plaza, right by the doorway leading into the brokerage offices of E. F. Hutton & Co., is an old-fashioned mousetrap, baited and waiting.

An English instructor in a Midwestern college reports that the vast majority of her students, in answering a question on the final examination, which dealt with the novels of Hawthorne, referred to one of them as "The Scarlett Letter."

The trucks of the A. B. Campbell Carpet Cleaning Company carry horns that play the first few notes of "The Campbells Are Coming." They don't use them in traffic—just when they arrive at a client's house.

Ballad for Republicans

ON the eve of a romantic and unusual musical coincidence, we called on a couple of young songwriters late last week. The coincidence was that "Ballad for Americans," a composition which attracted much attention on the radio this winter, was scheduled to be sung on Monday by Paul Robeson at the Lewisohn Stadium and on the same day by Ray Middleton at the opening of the Republican Convention in Philadelphia. We found that the authors, John Latouche and Earl Robinson, were planning to hear their song at the Stadium rather than in Philadelphia. They said they were very surprised that it was chosen by the G.O.P. as a curtain-raiser. Everyone concerned was astonished. Mr. Latouche (words) expressed himself as "flabbergasted," while Mr. Robinson (music) said, "It's the weirdest thing I ever heard of." Mingled with their surprise was a certain emotional feeling about Republicans. The song made its original appearance in "Sing for Your Supper," a show put on a year ago by the Federal Theatre Project, a Democratic-money undertaking whose demise in Congress the Republicans did little, if anything, to prevent. "We wrote the song for everybody, not for Republicans alone," said Mr. Latouche. "Especially not for Republicans alone," said Mr. Robinson. Turned out that the Robbins Music Corporation holds the copyright, and when the Republicans asked for permission to use the song, it was given without question. That was that.

We interviewed the flabbergasted collaborators at Latouche's apartment in Greenwich Village. Latouche, a short, black-haired fellow of only twenty-two, told us, to our surprise, that he is of Irish descent, and said by way of explanation that his forefathers had emigrated to America via France. He is writing a novel and some experimental radio sketches, which N.B.C. expects to produce next month. On the lighter side, he has worked on skits for "Pins and Needles" and is currently writing the book for a new musical revue. Robinson, a tall, comparatively elderly man of thirty, studied music at the University of Washington and came to New York six years ago, after having supported himself for a year, while travelling gradually across the country, by playing the piano, violin, viola, and guitar. He is now occupied in writing a musical background for Carl Sandburg's "The People, Yes," on a Guggenheim Fellowship. He met Latouche when both were in the Federal Theatre, and they wrote their ballad in less than two weeks during the spring of 1938.

The original idea for the song was Latouche's, and he first expressed it, somewhat vaguely, in a poem called "Legend for a Great City," which he had written during two years spent at Columbia. He interested Robinson in collaborating on a historical ballad, and when they had finished the piece, it was used as the finale of "Sing for Your Supper," under the title "Ballad for Uncle Sam." The show ran only six weeks. The authors changed the name to "Ballad for Americans" and offered the song to C.B.S., which got Paul Robeson to sing it on a "Pursuit of Happiness" program. It was a rollicking and impressive success. The studio audience applauded voluntarily for twenty minutes beyond the conclusion of the broadcast. Lawrence Tibbett later sang it on a Ford Sunday-evening hour and Robeson repeated his performance on New Year's Eve, to almost equally prolonged applause. Since then the totals of record and sheet-music sales have gone up to 20,000 and 3,000 copies, respectively, and M-G-M has bought the movie rights for $4,000. All told, the composers have netted close to $2,000 each. God knows how they'll feel if M-G-M follows its present plan of incorporating the piece into a Mickey Rooney-Judy Garland musical.

Vernacular

A BUSINESSMAN reports that one of the floors in his office building is being renovated for a new tenant and that the other morning operations had evidently reached the corridor and

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prevented passage to and from the elevator. Going down to lunch, he saw a sign hung inside the shaft on the door, admonishing the elevator operator "DO NOT YOUSE."

Foreign Mails

WE were told last Thursday that the post office was routing mail for some of the European countries via the Pacific and Siberia, and called on the Outgoing Foreign Mail Department to check up. We found this to be not true, although a possibility in the future. At the moment, the post office is facing things more difficult than snow, rain, or gloom of night. When Italy declared war, it meant that no mail, except that carried by Clipper, could go from this country to Germany, Scandinavia, Russia, or the Balkans. During Mussolini's non-belligerency, their mail had gone through Italy. The decisions as to what is to be done will be made by the Second Assistant Postmaster General in Washington, but from all we can gather, unless Germany permits mail to be routed from Spain through a defeated France, and the mail can be got to Spain, he will have to look westward. At the time of our call, the mail was accumulating.

We learned quite a lot about the international postal situation. Nations invaded by the Germans stopped getting parcel post when they got Hitler, and service to twenty-nine additional countries was also cut off, including Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, Trans-Jordan, and Saudi Arabia. The Department was in possession of several thousand parcels addressed to these countries and it has returned all of them to the senders, or tried to. Parcel post is a special field. Arrangements are made between individual governments. All other mail, except air mail, which is of interest only to those countries with mail planes, is subject to provisions made by the Universal Postal Union. Practically all countries in the world belong to the Union, which last met at Buenos Aires in 1939. A special meeting of the Union isn't considered necessary in emergencies, since all nations have agreed to the essential thing: to get the mail through the best way possible. Union mail, incidentally, may contain anything, including propaganda. The United States, like most countries, requires a declaration of contents of parcels going abroad, and one of the puzzling things at the local post office a few months ago was the dispatch of many felt hats to Sweden. Dozens went out on every boat. There has been no explanation of this; just the conclusion that the Swedes like felt hats and never wear straw ones. Until Mussolini's declaration of war, the principal contents of packages going to Italy were coffee and sugar. The Italians aren't getting these from here any more.

Mail to England is leaving regularly, or at any rate frequently, the American Post Office Department being supplied confidentially with the names of boats that will carry it. It takes about two weeks for a letter to get to England now, whereas last summer a week was the average. The Axis powers have evened up England's advantage somewhat by making regular connections in Portugal with our mail Clippers. Italian planes meet the transatlantic ones at Lisbon and transship mail to the totalitarian powers. The biggest load of mail flown across the Atlantic left on April 27th: 223,000 letters, weighing 7,062 pounds. The postage came to $67,795.20. Mail from the totalitarian powers goes and comes by the ton on

"Twenty-three thousand and one, twenty-three thousand and two, twenty-three thousand and three . . ."

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the Clippers, which explains the avidity with which British officers in Bermuda descend on a Clipper that stops there because of headwinds.

Bulletin

IT takes more than the bare details of military maneuvers to divert some people from their primary interests. A lady we know discovered this a few days after Paris fell, when she stepped into the powder room of a restaurant and began discussing the war with the attendant. Noticing a radio in the room, our friend asked if any late news had come over. "The only thing is," the attendant said, "they can't find Madeleine Carroll."

A Suit of Sails

THE other day we went down to 50 Warren Street to the atelier of Louis J. Larsen, the only sailmaker on Manhattan Island who caters exclusively to yachtsmen. This is the busiest time of the year for sailmakers, but Larsen, a dapper, salty soul of fifty or so, with a bottle-brush mustache and pince-nez on a gold chain, amiably took some time off to tell us about his work. In the first place, the canvas required for a sailing craft, whether it is a canoe or a hundred-foot schooner, is always called a "suit of sails." A suit of sails for a canoe can be run up by one man in a day, and costs only $15; about twelve hundred man-hours are needed to fit out a schooner, and the price is almost $3,000. Hand stitching takes three times as long as machine stitching, and brings the prices proportionately higher. Larsen has fifteen men and five women working in a big, skylighted loft. The women do the machine sewing on light sails, but all heavy sails, and all hand sewing, are entrusted only to the men. "The women are not sailmakers. They are operators," Larsen told us. "Next year they may be sewing house awnings." To a sailmaker, making house awnings represents degradation. Larsen, years ago, worked briefly for an awning-maker, and obviously regards it as a sinister chapter in his history.

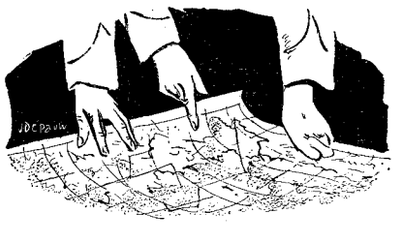
A peculiar thing about Larsen, considering his fame among yachtsmen, is the fact that he has never outfitted an America's Cup defender. He doesn't care, though. "You have to drop everything else for that season, and then next year where are you?" he says. Getting back to sail lore, we learned that all Larsen sails are made of imported, long-staple, Egyptian-cotton yacht cloth, which costs a dollar a yard in light weights, twice that much for the heavy. About forty per cent of these prices is accounted for by import duties. A sailmaker is like a tailor in his dependence on his cutters. Larsen has two cutters, who execute his designs, which are in turn made after a study of the customer's craft. "It is a very special business, and each sailmaker has his own secrets," Larsen told us. We didn't like to ask what they might be. In a good year, Larsen will make as many as nine hundred suits of sails; during the worst of the depression, the orders dropped off to three hundred.

Larsen was born in Esbjerg, Denmark, a town which got in the papers last September when a British bomber mistakenly attacked it. His grandfather had been a sailmaker, and Larsen decided to be one, too. Accordingly, he spent four years at a home-town technical school, serving a concurrent term as an apprentice sailmaker. Then, armed with a statement from the mayor of Esbjerg certifying that he had served his apprenticeship, he got a job on a Danish square-rigger. Several of his voyages took him around the Horn, an experience he looks back on rather bleakly. The sum of his reminiscences is "The sails got torn."

Larsen has two sons, both serving their apprenticeship in his loft. He lives with them and Mrs. Larsen in a house in Port Washington. For relaxation, he sails a forty-nine-foot Marconi-rigged sloop, and his sons sail a seventeen-foot One-Design Class sloop. He thinks international yacht racing is dead as mutton for the duration, and that if England should lose the war, it will remain that way. The English are the only people who care for that sort of thing, he says.

Movie Fan

AS mysterious a happening as we've heard of in a long time is the case of a middle-aged man, accompanied by a lady and speaking with a heavy German accent, who showed up at the box office of the Sixty-eighth Street Playhouse late one evening during the run of "Ninotchka" and asked if he was in time to see the picture. They told him no, that it was then in the last stretch of the day's final showing. "I'll pay good money if you'll run it off again," he said. "Thirty dollars. I'm leaving town early tomorrow, and I've been looking all over for 'Ninotchka' or 'Balalaika.'" The management went into conference and decided that a fair price for a private showing of the film would be sixty dollars. The mystery man agreed to this without a murmur, paying ten dollars cash and a traveller's check for fifty dollars. The signature on the check was illegible, except that the first name looked like Anistase. The manager posted a few ushers in the back rows, to laugh at the proper moments and warm up the atmosphere, and the couple sat through their private showing. It was over at 1:40. On his way out, the man thanked the manager and said he'd had a very nice time. When the manager tried to pump him about his reasons for wanting to see "Ninotchka," he dummied up right away and went off with the lady in a taxicab. Normally, the evening admission to the Sixty-eighth Street Playhouse is forty cents.



Bombs Bursting in Air

HARD on Governor Lehman's request that the Seventh Regiment change from a body of infantry into an anti-aircraft unit, we called on Colonel Ralph C. Tobin, commander of the Seventh, at the armory at Park Avenue and Sixty-sixth Street, in order to find out how he and his men are adapting themselves to these whirring times. According to the Colonel, one of the first problems was to get the coöperation of firms employing members of the Seventh to change the men's vacation from August, when Plattsburg maneuvers had been planned under the old infantry setup, to the period between June 30th and July 20th, when the regiment's initial anti-aircraft lessons are now scheduled. Colonel Tobin felt that for an anti-aircraft unit to go through infantry operations, just as though nothing had happened, would be pointless.

He told us that Business's response to some thousand explanatory telegrams he sent out was one-hundred-per-cent satisfactory. "Some firms wired that any time I picked for vacation would be O.K. with them," he said. "My God, as if it were a vacation and as if I picked the time!" The time was picked by the War Department so as to enable the Seventh to receive instruction in its new medium from the 62nd Coast Artillery, Anti-Aircraft, now stationed at Fort Totten.

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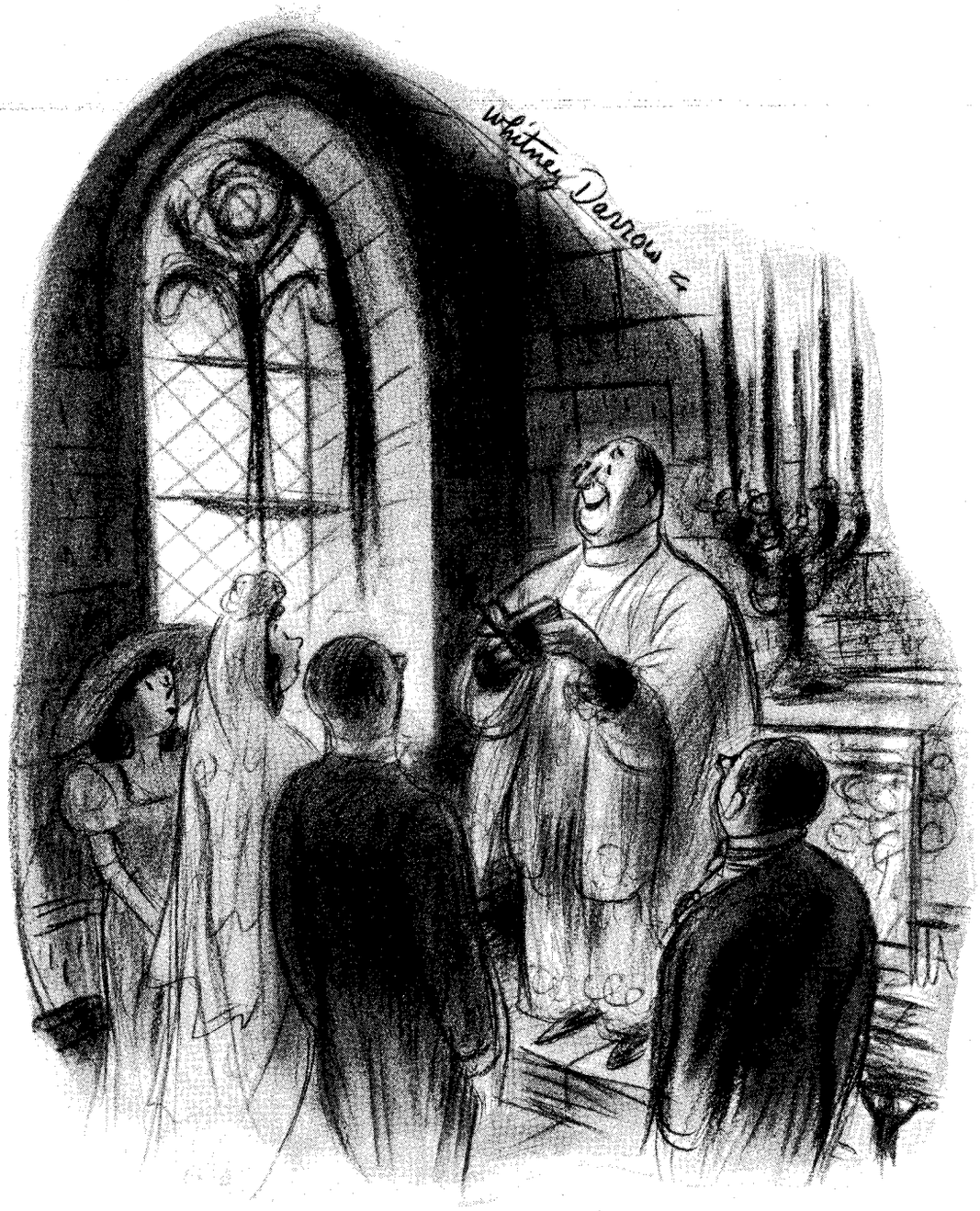
The Seventh will divide its training period between Camp Smith at Peekskill and Camp Upton at Yaphank; the 62nd C.A., A.-A., will accompany its pupil to these places, bringing along some of its regular anti-aircraft equipment. By the end of the summer, the Seventh is promised its own A.-A. equipment, in the shape of fourteen motorcycles, twelve trailers, two hundred and thirty-three trucks, two ambulances, four five-passenger cars, sixty anti-aircraft guns, fifteen sound-locators, and fifteen 800,000,000-candle-power searchlights—the most searching ones in the world. "The equipment will be brand-new," said Colonel Tobin. "No second-hand Army stuff."

The Seventh, which is the most fashionable National Guard regiment in the country and the first of thirty-seven such bodies to be thus converted, will be departmentalized into three regimental batteries and into two battalions, each of which will consist of four combat batteries. With Army simplicity, these have been designated as A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and H. Battery A will handle searchlights and sound-locators; the rest will handle guns. The regimental batteries will consist of a medical detail, a service battery for repairs, and a headquarters battery for clerical work and communications. The Seventh will be officially known as the 207th Coast Artillery, Anti-Aircraft, Mobile. Its equipment will be kept at the Park Avenue armory, and most of the year the regiment will practice loading and unloading the guns and will work out fire problems on paper. For the sake of old times, however, the men will continue to practice with the six hundred Garand rifles which they possess.

Colonel Tobin said both he and his men were delighted with the change of their military complexion. "I'm too old for the air service," he stated, "so I figure I'd better learn to shoot them down." As a practical man, he considers that the present war has shown the infantry tactics of the last war to be so obsolete that it will be just as easy to learn the new job as to relearn the old one. As a traditionalist, he is not displeased with the Seventh's change in classification from infantry to artillery, since, he pointed out, when the Seventh was founded in 1806 it was classed as artillery. The regiment had cannon in the War of 1812, and the men regard their coming anti-aircraft activities more or less as a return to their old love, with modern improvements. On the sartorial side, fatigue and dress uniforms will remain the same; in field uniforms, blue hat cords will give way to red, and the insignia will be changed from crossed rifles to bursting bombs.

The Knickerbocker Greys, the Seventh's junior division, boys eight to fifteen, will continue their usual infantry drill, it being deemed wise, even today, to permit youth a brief ivory-tower interlude.



". . . and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live? . . . True or false?"

• •

Three Pictures

Raymond Loewy, the industrial designer, sent his office boy over to the Public Library recently, with instructions to borrow some prints of holly and poinsettia. (We don't know what sort of industrial design Mr. Loewy needed these for.) The office boy was back in no time, with three pictures. One was of a sprig of holly. The other two were of a pointer and a setter.

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THE SIX-FIFTEEN

"BE nice to the old girl," Papa said. "I know she's awfully maddening, but she can't help it. She's just made marmsome."

"Oh, but . . ." Elsa said. They sat at the breakfast table together. Since Mamma had gone to the sanitarium, they had breakfast alone together. Grandma, who had come to be with Elsa, had her breakfast in her room. It was June, and getting hot; the dining-room door stood open and the wasps bumped against the screen door. In the middle of the table there was a five-pound stone jar of strawberry jam. Elsa and her father each had a knife and fought with their knives inside the jar for the biggest lumps, the whole strawberries. "Oh, but she won't let me play anywhere where she can't see me. She's so scared of everything. She has palpitations."

"I think you're going to be a lawyer when you grow up," Papa said. "Maybe you'll be the savior of your sex." His eggs were always the most appetizing eggs in the world; Delia brought them in from the kitchen in their shells, and he broke them on top of a piece of toast and put lots of pepper on them, and no matter how Elsa tried, she could never make hers look so fascinating. Now he had finished them. He drank up all of his coffee that he put so much cream in it looked like melted ice cream. He wiped his mustache and put the napkin in his pocket, thinking it was a handkerchief, and got up.

"Oh, Papa, I wish you'd stay home and protect me," Elsa said. Inside she felt boiling with all the things she wanted to say about her grandmother; thinking about her grandmother made her itch in her elbows and her knees.

"I've got to go out into the cold, stern world and make money for the missus and the kids," Papa said. He always said that. He went into the hall and put on his stiff straw hat. A piece of the long hair that went across the top of his head had got mixed up and stuck out under the hat. Elsa would have died before she would have told him about it.

Her grandmother was coming downstairs. She was very tiny, very neat, and she wore white ruchings inside the edges of her black clothes.

"Oh, Joseph!" she said tremulously. "Do you have to go and leave us now?"

"Afraid so, dear lady." Papa was always gallant to Grandma, but he would never have said "dear lady" to anybody he liked. Grandma looked so tragic. She brushed off Papa's sleeve. She took off his hat and moved the long lock of hair with her hand so that it would not stick out. Elsa had her fists clenched by her sides. Papa stood quite still, letting Grandma treat him like this, and only by the little jerk of the corner of his mouth could Elsa see exactly how he felt about it.

"You will be back on the six-fifteen, won't you, Joseph? You know how agitated I become."

"I'm always on the six-fifteen, dear lady." Papa smiled at Grandma, and suddenly Elsa saw the sweetness of his smile. He was not just being gallant; he was doing what he kept telling Elsa to do, remembering that the old girl couldn't help it, understanding her. Elsa had one of the irradiations of emotion which she got sometimes and usually wrote down in her private book under the big heading "RESOLUTION." Now she felt that she must be nicer to Grandma, just to be more like Papa. Sometimes she loved him so much that it made her stomach ache.

He went down the front walk, and before Grandma could have a chance to tell her not to, Elsa ran far ahead of him. This was not being naughty. She always walked down to the station with Papa. In winter she left him at the corner where the Inn was, to go to school, but in summer she went all the way.

She ran past the Smiths' and Mr. Kelly's field and turned to wait for him. The morning was as sweet as honey. All the shrubs and flowers were out, and the tar sidewalk was sticky underfoot, and when you looked far down the road there was a shimmer of heat rising. Down the sidewalk toward her stumped Papa, his hat on his head, papers sticking out of his pocket; he was setting his feet down with the slight bend of the knees that was so terribly himself.

"Can't catch a flea, can't catch a flea!" Elsa cried, dancing a little

"Well, how'd you make out?"

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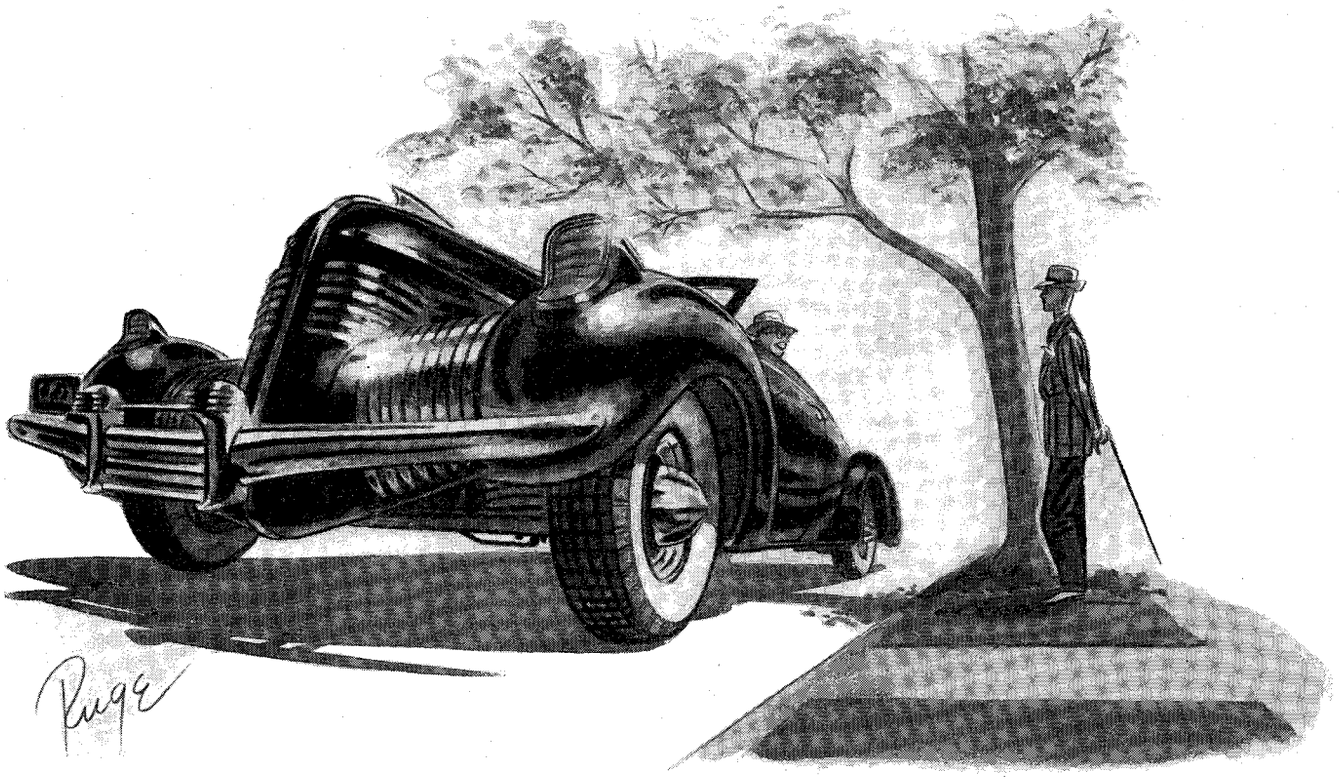

"I had them build it just like the one in their ads."

• •

ahead of him. She had always done that, and sometimes Papa used to make a lunge and catch her and say "Now I've *got* you!" and then she would scream with a wonderful fear that was almost fear.

"You're too prancy for an old plugger like me," he said this morning.

She stared at him, as she walked backward, more slowly but still faster than he was walking. She thought, "He looks old," and at the fearful shock and significance and treason of the thought her heart skipped a beat and she felt that she could not bear it.

"You're *not* an old plugger" was all she could say. She walked beside him and took his hand and swung it. They walked through the village down to the railroad station. All the people who were going to the train were hurrying along in the warm morning, the men and the secretaries and the women who were going shopping. The train stood in the station looking comfortable, with the smoke coming in puffs out of the stack.

"Well, goodbye, baby," Papa said, and gave her a kiss. She stood in the driveway and watched him climb up the steps of the smoker. Through the dirty windows of the car, she watched him finding a seat. Then she began to wander home in the happy daze that she always felt in June, before she had got used to its being summer.

BUT instead of there being Mamma at home when she got there, there was Grandma. She sat out in the garden under the lilac tree like a little black crow and did her tatting; it hung from her lap in a long white chain. Elsa walked through the garden and stopped and watched Grandma; then she started down toward the orchard to wander on to the fields and the swamp and the woods beyond. Everything hummed this morning, and there was a cicada a field or two away; its note grew higher and higher till it tapered off into the height of the sunshine and the heat. Before she reached the apple trees, though, came her grandmother's voice.

"Oh, Elsa, dear. Aren't you going to stay with Grandma? It's so lonely, dear, now that poor Mamma is sick and gone away from us all."

Elsa turned sharply and came back. She remembered her resolution. But she wished, as hard as she could wish, that Grandma would not talk about it—about Mamma. It only got awful when Grandma talked about it. Somehow, then the fear and the alarm and the missing Mamma turned into dark, real things. She tried to argue with herself; Papa said she was good at arguing. She argued that Grandma did feel bad, really, although you felt that she was only trying to make you feel bad. Grandma felt bad, and Mamma was her daughter, and she was an old lady and had rheumatism and palpitations and couldn't run far, far away into the hazy gold of the swamp and the darkness of the woods and lose herself in a long daze the way Elsa could. Elsa sat down on the fresh, cool grass beside Grandma's chair.

When they had lunch, Elsa sat opposite Grandma at the table and almost enjoyed herself, pretending that she was Papa and talking in the gallant, elaborate way that Papa always talked to Grandma. It always seemed funny that Grandma liked it—she didn't seem to realize that you used such courtesy to cover your irritation and pity—but she did like it.

Grandma always touched her finger to things to see whether Delia had left any dust on them. It was a trick that annoyed Elsa and her father to madness. But after they had finished lunch and Grandma made her way into the living room, touching each thing as she passed it, Elsa preserved the smiling mask that felt as if it must really look like Papa's face. Grandma sank down

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on the sofa and put her feet up, but first she put a newspaper on the sofa to protect the upholstery. She sighed her deep, tremulous sigh.

"Oh, dear," she said. "This heat prostrates me. But then, I'm an old woman."

"You're an ornament to your generation," Elsa said, as Papa always did.

Grandma closed her eyes. This was the hour for her nap. "Read to me, dear," she said. "The book with the red bookmark in it."

Elsa maintained her determined docility. But outside a phoebe called in the trumpet vine beside the window, and she could feel the day swooning into afternoon. She loathed the book; it was very sad and kept saying things about resignation. The only thing was not to think about the sense of the words, or you would cry with misery and despair. But she read, keeping her voice flat and inexpressive, and pretty soon she could see that her grandmother had gone to sleep. Delia had gone to the village and the whole house was quiet.

Then Elsa ran. She ran down the path through the vegetable garden, past the rows of things beginning to come up, past the bean poles at the end and the manure pile, past the chicken house, in which the windows had gaped empty for years, along the path that bordered the swamp, and through the further orchard, running as fast as she could, not thinking. She entered the woods. The paths were golden brown and hot; the soft, low humming of the day was quieter in here. She went along a path until she came to a break in it, then she pushed aside some branches and scrambled through until she came out on a broad, flat rock that sloped down to a little pond. The sun shone on the green, scummy surface of the water. Elsa lay on the rock and felt each part of herself slowly stop trembling. There was a sifting of pine needles over the rock and she picked them up and dropped them with her fingers without looking at them. All around there were tall, black pine trees; up the coarse, lumpy bark the caterpillars crawled and dropped off onto the mold with an infinitesimal plop. It was hot and lovely and hidden.

WHEN she wandered home, happily, the yellow hum of the day had turned into late afternoon. The coolness made the smells of things come out new and acute: the sweetness of the orchard grass, the smell of swamp water. The sun was starting down the west. Elsa walked very slowly; she stopped and squatted down in the garden and felt with her fingers in the dry, soft earth where the carrots were beginning to make little lumps. The evening frogs had already begun to saw in the swamp. Elsa looked up at the house. Grandma was still there, but Papa would be home soon now, and he could always keep Grandma from sighing, and he could always make things loud and cheerful, so that the only sadness was the nice sadness of hearing the frogs pipe and smelling the evening air. She thought, as she walked, of her gay, wonderful father.

Grandma was sitting on the front porch, on the bench behind the syringa bush; her little feet were side by side on the brick floor and her hands were folded around a handkerchief with a black border for Grandpa, who had died before Elsa was born. Grandma said she had been frightened for fear something had happened to her, but Elsa only smiled at her and sat down at the other end of the long white bench. Together they sat and watched the road from the

TRAVEL FILM, IN TECHNICOLOR

We take you to Pendragonia, oldest of countries.
It is full of ruins and rivers and wind-blown cypress.
Here people are happy. They sing. In their peasant costumes
They dance through the hayfields on Sunday. This village stalwart
Is courting his love in a meadow. See how she blushes.
See in this closeup how tightly he holds the girl to him.

This panorama
Reveals beyond the haycocks the guardian mountains,
With their attendant glens, their bustling torrents
That flow to the flourishing plains. Notice the shepherd
Standing beside that furious fall of water.
He is playing a pipe, but the notes, alas, are not heard.

This long shot
Shows us an antique temple, a holy precinct
For the sun-worshipping ancestors of the lad
Who was kissing the girl much earlier in the reel.
A careless world has let the moss surround it;
Ages of rain have worn its stones away.

This close shot
Presents a policeman in the bustling metropolis.
Behind him we see the cathedral, the white façade
Of the modern city hall, and behind that, rearing
Ionian columns to the sky, we find
The palaces of government, wherein are Ministers.

And with these monstrous columns we must take
A sad farewell of Pendragonia, land of
Peace, fruition, conception, intelligence, art.
The cameraman's hands are tired, his feeling for angles
Strained, his provisionary visa quite expired,
The producer's budget exhausted, the lenses blurred.

We had wanted to show you the barracks, the latest tanks
Engaged in maneuvers, the handsome soldiers in battle
Dress, but you must understand it was not felt
That these expressed the spirit of this land.
We had wanted to show you the faces of the people,
But when we looked at them they turned away.

We had wanted to show you truth, but truth photographs badly.
We had wanted to show you hope, but we could not find it.

—HARRY BROWN

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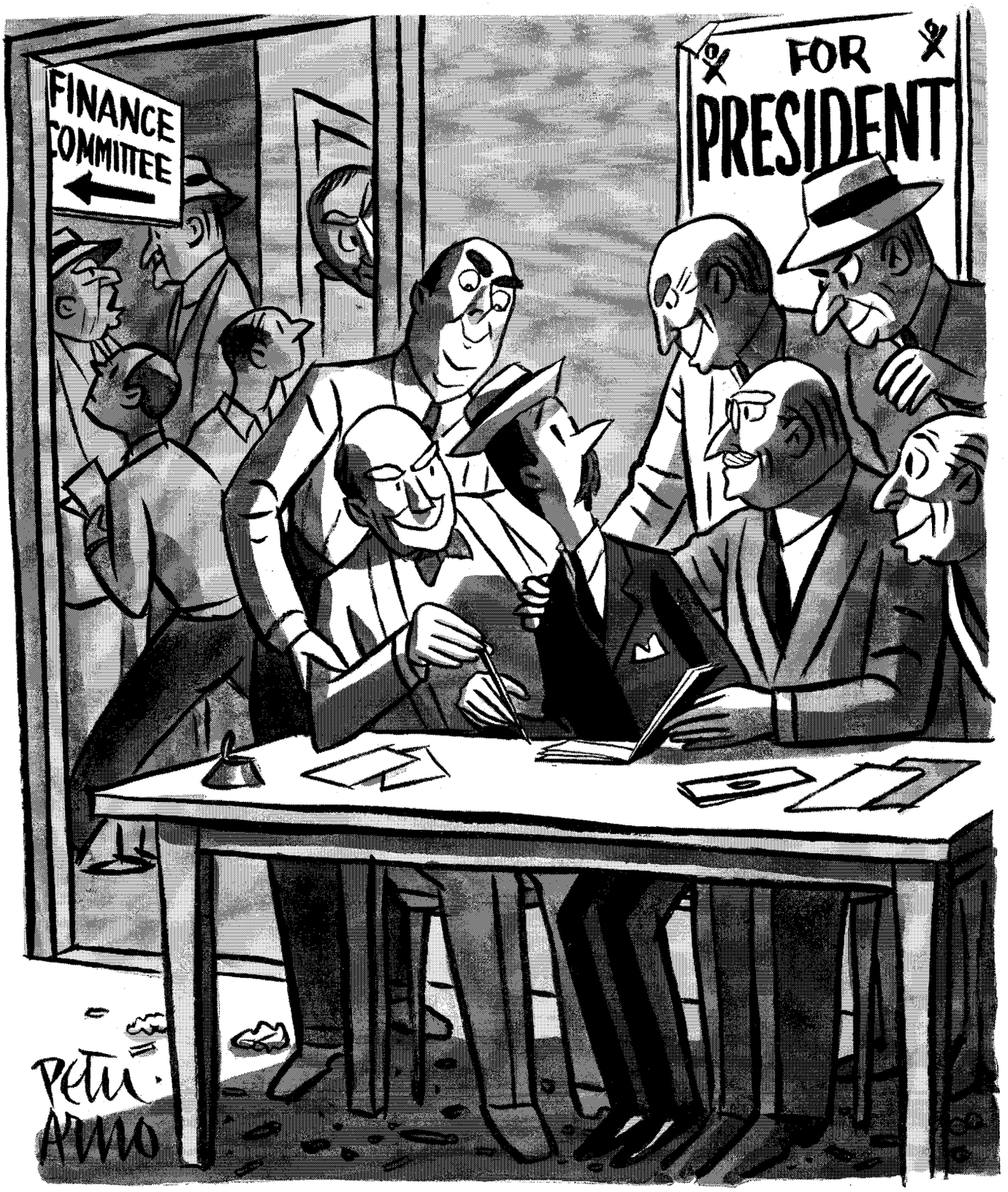

"But I don't <u>want</u> to be Minister to Bolivia!"

• •

village. Papa would come up that road when he came. He would appear at the top of the hill, a big, slow figure, with the evening papers stuffed in his pockets, and when he saw them he would wave his hat, awkwardly. Then he would trudge on nearer and nearer and Elsa would run down the front path and meet him and walk up the path again, hanging onto his arm.

Grandma was talking about Mamma. She always talked about how unselfish and sweet and "precious" Mamma was, and it was all true, but it was so much better not to think about her that way. Those were the wrong words to say if you wanted to keep things cheerful. When Papa came he would change everything and make jokes. Elsa could make jokes, too, when Papa came, but she did not know how to start jokes by herself. She kept her eyes on the road and began a thing; she counted in her head slowly up to a hundred and had a

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kind of bet with herself that she could not get to a hundred before Papa would come over the hill. She did that several times.

Far away over the late-June fields a train whistled, and the long, faint sound came, "Aah, aah, ahh-ahh." The light was failing and the frogs grew momentarily louder; the sound was unbearably sweet and longing. And still he did not come.

Suddenly the feeling of panic began. And still he did not come. But he always did come home. But he didn't come.

Grandma was agitated. She got up and went into the house and lay down on the sofa. Elsa wanted to stay outside; she did not want to take her eyes away from the top of the hill, where she could still see the road in the light dusk. She went in, though, and sat down on a chair. She could still hear the frogs, a little fainter.

"Oh, my heart!" Grandma said. "It's palpitating so. I don't see what could have happened to your father. He *promised* me he would be on the six-fifteen. Tell Delia I couldn't eat anything."

When Elsa came back from the kitchen neither the old woman nor the little girl had any idea of what to do, and nothing was said about doing anything. It grew dark and murmurous with evening, but they did not turn on a light. The old lady lay on the sofa. The child sat perfectly still and did not move her eyes from the door.

The panic feeling was sickish and sweet, like having a tooth filled but all over her body, as if her skin were filled with nothing but liquid. It surged inside her, but it did not turn into thoughts. Why didn't Papa come home? The flood rolled up to the edges of terrible answers and drew back again, so that she never really imagined them. She only waited, watching the door, and the thing she had started went on in her mind, counting, "Forty-one, forty-two, forty-three . . ."

"I'm so afraid something terrible has happened," Grandma said in the darkness. "I'm so afraid your father's been killed or . . ."

Something that Elsa had never conceived of before took shape very slowly, dreadfully, out of her unformed panic. The worst that she had ever known before was sickness—Mamma being sick. Yet sickness at least went on being.

But her father was immortal, her father was the bread of life; he was never even sick, he was the heart of everything. The picture went on forming slowly in her mind. Her father lay flat on his back on a grayish macadam sidewalk with his eyes shut; it was all perfectly still except for someone way off, screaming.

Elsa's eyes never moved from the screen door; she took a long breath and swallowed and went on watching.

Suddenly a car drove up to the side of the house and stopped. Elsa ran to the door. A throbbing, noisy taxicab was standing there with lights blazing from its roof. Then Papa's footsteps came along the brick flooring of the porch in the dark.

He opened the door and came in, heavy and dusty, his hard straw hat in his hand. Elsa threw her arms around him and thrust her face against the hot worsted of his coat. She was crying now, wildly, and holding onto him tight.

"Why, old baby," Papa said, and gave her pats on her back. "Sorry to be late, dear lady," he said into the dark. "When I saw I wasn't going to be able to get home on time, I telephoned, this afternoon, but there wasn't any answer here."

"Oh, Papa!"

He turned on the hall light with one hand and went on patting her with the other.

"Please don't cry. Everything's fine." Elsa kept her face buried in his coat, out of the light. "I guess you love your old father a little, don't you?" he said.

But although he was there and big and warm and his voice was loud and reassuring, she could not stop crying. She could not tell anybody, she could never tell Papa, why she was crying. A hundred years ago, this morning, it felt like treason to think that he looked old. Now she wanted to keep her face hidden in his coat forever and keep her arms around him and not look at his face that she had imagined with its eyes closed.

—NANCY HALE

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GO CLIMB A TREE DEPARTMENT

[*From Oral Hygiene*]

Of course we have amusing, if not soothing magazines. A dental salesman once told me that, when he saw *Harper's Magazine* or the *Atlantic Monthly* upon a reception room table, the chances were ten to one for a turn down, but that if *The New Yorker* or *Esquire* were there he waited for an interview. We have followed this thought. There is not much to be gained by trying to make people *think* when they await a dental operation.

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MOST males who don't care about big-league baseball conceal their indifference as carefully as they would conceal a laughable physical deficiency. I used to do it myself. I have seen only two big-league games in my life, one back in 1923 and one in 1938, and though I know there is such a person as Joe Di Maggio, I don't know what team he's on or what position he plays. Stated that baldly, it sounds shocking, doesn't it? But the sooner Society realizes that there are people like us, and that we have a right to live our own lives, the better it will be.

The little boys who used to play scrub baseball while I browsed in my study have grown up and found employment as the bartenders, elevator operators, taxi-drivers, and doormen of this town. They take it for granted not merely that I know the personnel and records of the various clubs but that I know, from moment to moment, how today's game is going. "Geest, what a toid inning! Whatcha thinka dem guys *now?*" a cab-driver will say to me. The implication is that I know what guys he's talking about, that I have been wasting God's glorious summer afternoon listening to the radio, and that I have previously held some opinion of the guys which will have to be revised in the light of what happened in the third inning. In the days when I was still trying to cover up my condition, I worked out an answer that served well enough most of the time. "Myeh," I would say, giving it a slight upward inflection. This conveyed (or I hoped it conveyed) that the turn of events in the third inning, though remarkable, was not really surprising to a man with my experience, and that I was still suspending judgment on the guys. Then, when I got in the elevator of my office building and the operator said, "Say, you heard what happened in the fifth? Ain't that sumpin'?," I'd say, with a wise, quiet smile, "Well, after that third inning . . ." With the proper "reading," this would imply either that events were taking their natural course after the third inning, or that they had changed, and high time, too.

This feeling my way in the dark resulted in quite a few missteps, of course, and in such cases there was nothing to do but brazen it out, pretend to hold an unorthodox but well-thought-out opinion. Once a bartender in a saloon I frequent said to me, with obvious respect, "Well, you was right about Craffey showing up the Reds," and bought me a drink. I could only suppose that he had disagreed with the interpretation he put on one of my grunts, and that time had proved me right.

WHEN I decided to come out in the open and let the world know how I stand on the subject of the national game, I took the offensive. My copy of the *World Almanac* furnished me with ammunition. For instance, a cab-driver will say to me, on a sunny afternoon, "Great day, ain't it?" This gambit normally leads to some remark about how nice it would be to spend the afternoon at the Polo Grounds, but I take matters into my own hands.

"Rained this morning, though—means a sticky wicket," I say, calmly.

"Har?" he says.

"Crescent's playing St. George's on Staten Island this afternoon, and sure as God made little apples the wicket will be sticky," I say.

"Huzzat, Mac?" the driver says, worried.

"I'm talking about the cricket match, of course," I say. Our ride is finished in silence. Yachting, archery, track-and-field meets, skeet shooting, gymnastics, steeplechasing, or tennis serve equally well.

Even if people persist in swinging the conversation around to the day's game, I have a way to stop it. The cab-driver, for instance, says, "Looks like Sprocket is goin' great guns against the Yanks."

"Sure," I say. "Too bad the game was called on account of rain."

"Rain?" he says, looking at the sunny sky. "Rain in the Stadium?"

"Sure. It's a local cloudburst—coming down in buckets."

"You're crazy," the driver says. "It's on the radio." He turns on the radio, and, sure enough, a voice is saying, ". . . Two and two . . . Sprocket is winding up . . ."

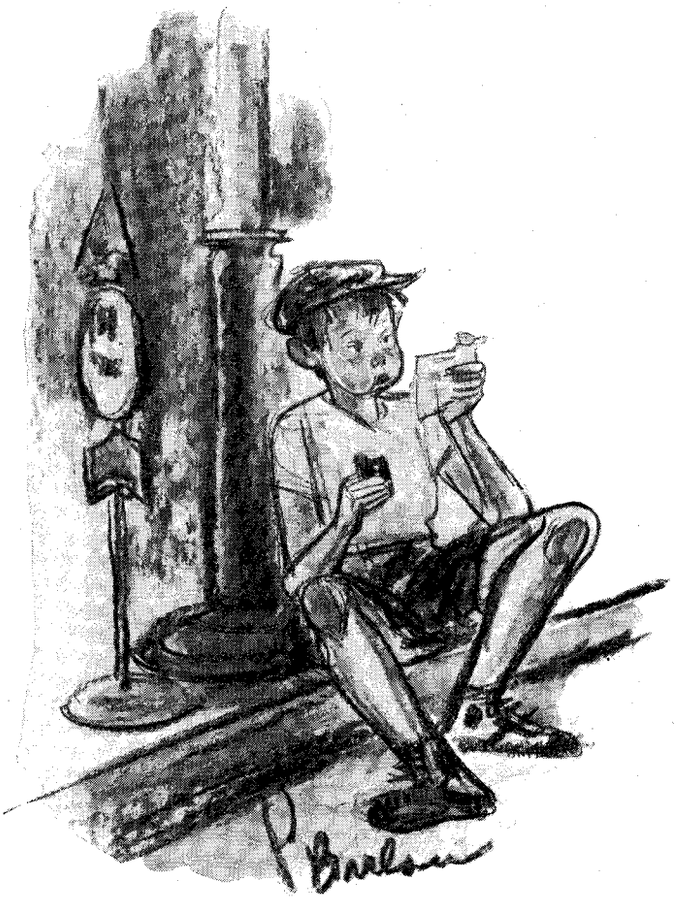
I smile quietly. "That announcer has a sponsor, hasn't he?" I ask. "Somebody who's paying him money to plug a product?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, you don't think they want to *lose money*, do you?"

It always seems to work. I have sown the seeds of doubt all over New York, and I'm going to keep right on sowing them.

—RUSSELL MALONEY



"Tasty Curtiss 5c Baby Ruth Candy is made of Chocolate, Peanuts, Corn Syrup, Condensed Skim Milk, Sugar, Dextrose, Coconut Oil, Glycerin, Salt, Tapioca Flour, Albumen, Artificial Flavor. These ingredients conform to our high standards of quality and are scientifically blended under laboratory control to make 5c Baby Ruth the nation's best-liked candy. Candy is delicious food—enjoy some every day. G32999 U.S. Pat. 2128076—Other Pats. Pending."

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GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER, AND FRIEND

SUNLIGHT poured into old Mr. Devore's office and sharply defined the contents of the room. Defined the carefully waxed mahogany desk with its Burgundy-leather appointments, the leather-upholstered chairs, the maroon carpet, and the soft draperies of dark-green poplin. Brought glints of light into the sterling-silver carafe, a gift from the Annesley Bolt & Screw Corporation, which Mr. Devore had once rescued from the People of the State of New York. Illuminated a steel engraving of the Honorable Mr. Justice Marshall, an archaic personage of dour aspect. Revealed old Henry Devore himself, whose dignity of appearance was somewhat marred by pudgy mounds of flesh underneath his eyes, an affliction which gave him a little of the look of a village idiot. But quite undeservedly; Mr. Devore was very nearly the ablest of the twenty members of the firm of Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore. Certainly he was the ablest at corporation law. When Mr. Devore took a case to the Appellate Division, he invariably did so with the enthusiasm of a cat returning to its favorite dairy. Of all the objects that the sunlight caught, however, the most attractive was a slim young woman who stood in front of the counsellor's desk, nervously twisting a paper clip.

"I sent for you," said Mr. Devore graciously, "because my secretary tells me that you are the latest addition to our staff and because I feel that I can perhaps do a little something toward helping you adjust yourself to a new environment—one that must no doubt seem perplexing."

The young woman's eyes widened as she listened to this sentence.

"It *is* new to you, I believe? You *have* just come to us from the Gibbs School?"

She nodded and said "Yes, sir" rather indistinctly. Mr. Devore took the typewritten sheets of a memorandum of law from the portfolio on his desk and studied them in silence for a few moments. This action failed to make the girl feel more at ease, especially since Mr. Devore kept frowning at the document with an extremely critical air.

"You find the stenographers' room a pleasant place in which to work?" he inquired presently. "The managing clerk has made you quite comfortable?" As he spoke he cocked his head to one side—a gesture he often adopted while cross-examining a witness—and he continued in a tone of marked satisfaction, "I am told that you bring our office staff to sixty-six, Miss Addison. Your name *is* Addison?"

"Yes, sir," she said. "Emily Addison."

"I hope that your association with us will prove a pleasant one, Miss Addison," he went on, "and that in the course of time you will glean some of the very considerable rewards that are bound to accrue to anyone who is connected with this profession, in whatever capacity. To borrow a leaf from Justice Holmes, let us call it an art rather than a profession. I am not thinking so much of material profit"—this he interposed with some haste—"as of cultural and intellectual growth. You will no doubt pick up a smattering of many matters besides legal procedure—sociology, for example, as well as ethnography. It's surprising sometimes what law involves. Above all, you will learn something of the divers little complexities of human nature. But I fear I grow prolix." He smiled with affectionate self-reproach. "My chief point is that I hope your stay with us will enable you to *grow*."

Miss Addison's paper clip snapped. She looked as if she wanted to get rid of the pieces but didn't quite know where to put them.

"And now to a rather serious matter," said Mr. Devore, his voice heavy with implications of regret. He picked up the memorandum of law and tapped it with a gravity that was really frightening. "May I inquire, Miss Addison, how you feel about two independent clauses joined by a coördinating conjunction?"

"How I feel?" the girl repeated uncertainly.

He nodded. "I refer to the rules of punctuation."

"You mean two statements joined by 'and'?" she asked.

"By *any* coördinating conjunction," Mr. Devore amended, "such as 'and,' 'but,' 'or,' 'nor,' 'for,' or 'whereas.' You must forgive my insistence in what may seem to you to be a very minor matter. Miss Deevey normally attends to most of my typing needs, but she is somewhat pressed today and I was obliged to send this memorandum of law down to the stenographers' room. Now, Miss Addison, regarding two independent clauses joined by any coördinating conjunction?"

"I guess I'd put in a comma," she said. "Didn't I get it right on the manuscript, Mr. Devore?"

"Yes," he admitted. "The cases of the two independent clauses joined by a coördinating conjunction have been handled with perfect correctness throughout. Please have patience with me, Miss Addison. I am merely preparing a background for something else. For something *to which I am leading*." He said this with great meaning and with an access of what might have sounded, to the uninitiated, like ferocity. The witness quailed. "Now, Miss Addison, in the event that the two independent clauses are *not* joined by a conjunction?" He brought his fist down on the mahogany desk.

"I suppose a period," she said nervously.

"You suppose a period," he said, granting her the point. "Yes, that might be desirable under certain circumstances. But can you tell me, Miss Addison, what you would do *if the second independent clause amplified or clarified the first?*"

"Well, I"—unaware of what she was doing, she let the bits of paper clip fall to the carpet—"I don't know. Honestly, Mr. Devore, I guess I just don't know. 'Amplified,' you said?"

"Yes, Miss Addison." The counsellor's voice had become gentle, but it was the gentleness that one employs to let a jury know that he is dealing with a peculiarly moronic character.

"I—I don't know," she murmured.

"Then perhaps you will permit me to tell you," he said triumphantly, "that under such circumstances the semicolon is preferred. Here at Forbes, Hathaway we like to see the semicolon used with consistent accuracy, Miss Addison. I trust that you will remember this fact in the future."

"Yes, sir," she said bleakly, swaying a little from having stood for so long a time in the same position, "I certainly will."

"Whenever a second independent clause amplifies or clarifies the first, or when you have a series containing interior punctuation," he announced, summing up from the bench. After this he reverted to his silky tone. "I hope, Miss

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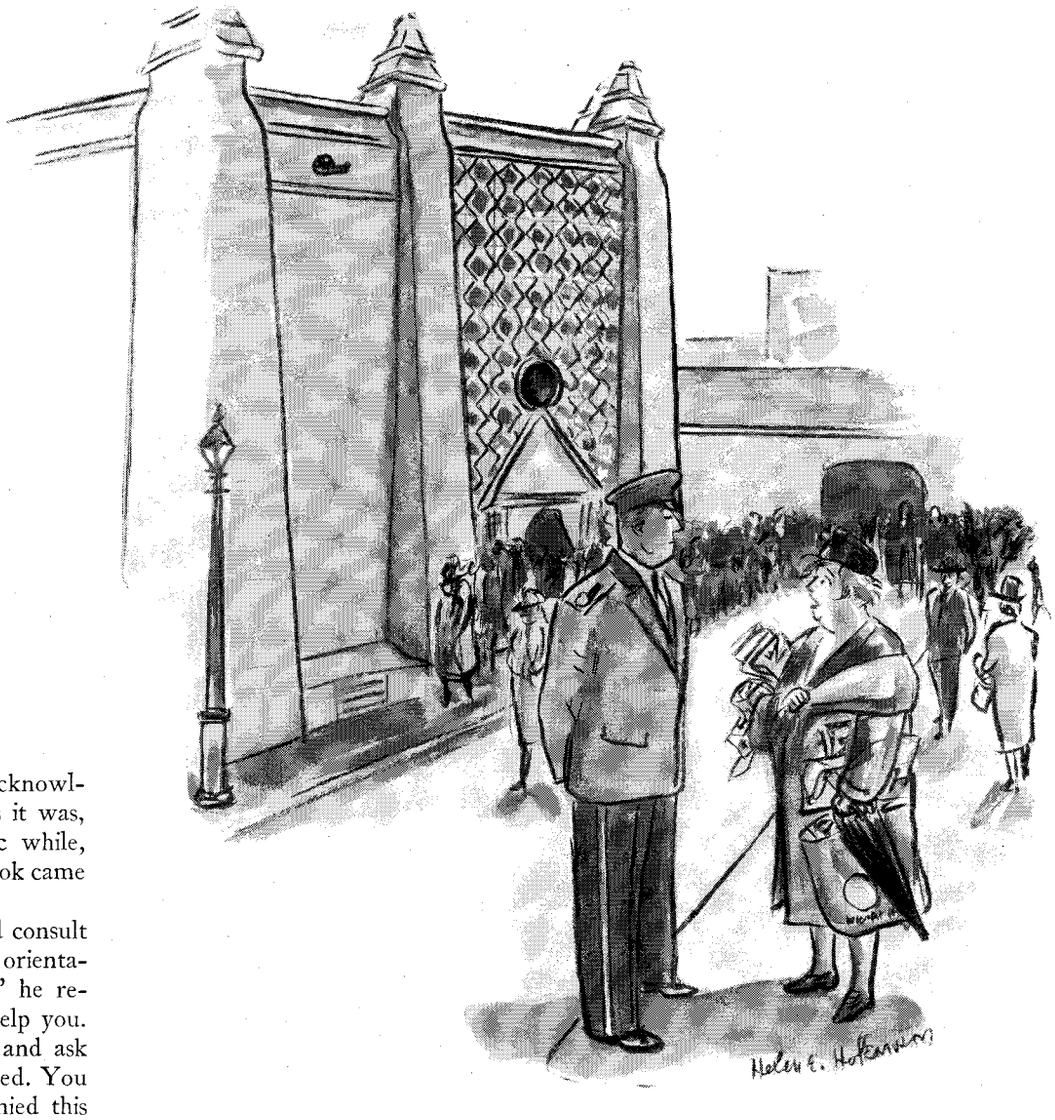
Addison, that you will take in good part these few suggestions that I have felt impelled to proffer. For 'impelled' let me substitute 'obligated.' After all," he said with a sigh, "I am one of the older members of the firm." He gave her a rapid glance, but if he expected her to register a vigorous objection, he was disappointed. "I have long been in the habit of standing *in loco parentis*, as it were, to the young people on our staff. One might say that I have inadvertently slipped into the rôle of guide, philosopher, and friend, although I welcome the responsibility, Miss Addison. I welcome it warmly."

If her face had not already been arranged in a fixed smile, she would perhaps have tried to look pleasant in polite acknowledgement of his statement. As it was, the fixed smile remained static while, paradoxically, a rather glazed look came into her eyes.

"I hope you will drop in and consult me about any little problems of orientation that you may encounter," he resumed. "I shall be happy to help you. Just give Miss Deevey a ring and ask her whether or not I am engaged. You must come"—a bow accompanied this —"whenever the impulse actuates you to do so."



"Is there a place to sit down in Arkansas?"

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SINCE the bow was clearly a signal that she was released, the stenographer bowed in return and started for the door. But Mr. Devore had not quite finished. The court was still in session. "You will no doubt be besieged by little attentions of one sort or another, if indeed this has not already been the case, since many of our young clerks are in the habit of fraternizing with the —ah—the more feminine members of the staff. If I may presume upon the brief, but I hope auspicious, acquaintance that we have formed this morning, let me urge that you behave with the most exemplary caution. Some of the clerks are delightful fellows, I feel sure, and good-looking, I know, but there can be no question whatever that some of the others are inclined to be, shall I say, somewhat predatory. One of our young women had a most unfortunate experience last February, although in its way the story had what she may very well consider a happy sequel, inasmuch as the young man eventually married her. The match was most unpopular with certain members of our firm, however, and I fear—I very much fear—that it will seriously impede his professional advancement. You naturally have no wish to become involved in any difficulty, and on the other hand you will not want to deprive yourself of *all* pleasant recreation. A middle course is sometimes the best."

If Mr. Devore considered himself a potential middle course, he refrained from explaining or pressing the point at the moment. Instead, he moved his left hand in what this time was unmistakably a gesture of dismissal. Miss Addison bowed again and went to the door, a little unsteadily. Alone now, except for the silent companionship of the Honorable Mr. Justice Blackstone, Mr. Devore opened the portfolio, took out the memorandum of law, and with his fountain pen idly changed two commas to semicolons. Then he picked up his telephone and asked to be connected with Mr. Forbes.

"Hello, Ed," he said. "Henry. Can you take two hours for lunch today? I've discovered a little fish place about a block from Washington Market. We could run over in a cab. This is a hell of a slow day and I'm trying to kill time till three o'clock. I've got to meet Fahnestock at the Supreme Court at three."

Mr. Devore was a many-faceted individual. He could be different things to different persons.

—JAMES REID PARKER

•

The third army's 70,000 regular soldiers will begin moving yesterday for training for the Nation's defences against the lightning tactics now being used on the battlefields of Europe.—*Rio de Janeiro News.*

Talk about lightning!

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THE INNER MAN

New Arrivals

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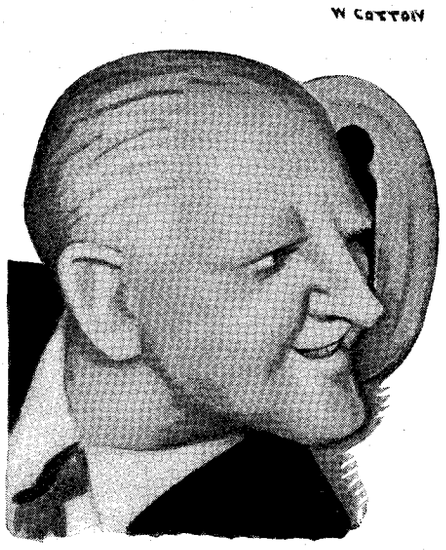
PROFILES

GOSSIP WRITER

III—SELF-IMMOLATION OF A TATTLETALE



Walter Winchell

THERE is a firm impression among readers of Walter Winchell that, say what you will about the man, he has a decent, old-fashioned respect for the sanctity of his own home. "Personal privacy is his fetish," asserted a recent article about him in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. His most destructive critics appear to have accepted this notion and to have been brought up short by it. His most enthusiastic admirers have built up the legend by using it as an argument in his favor. It is their enthusiastic claim that while Winchell may look upon other people's privacy as something to be broken into, he knows what privacy is just the same, appreciates it, and sees to it that his personal life is kept resolutely beyond the reach of the public's prying eye.

Such a claim is not only inaccurate but gratuitous. It is unfair to Winchell to assert that he believes in a double standard for privacy or to imply that he is by nature unwilling to display his private life. For years past he has diligently made public in his column various facts, fancies, and anecdotes about himself, his wife, and his two children, and has mentioned his mother frequently and his father once or twice. This painstaking exhibit of intimate autobiographical material is impressive. Its size, when brought together in one lump, is considerable, and its open-hearted lack of self-consciousness is princely. The curious fact that the public seems unaware of it suggests that the public's eye, as far as Winchell's private life is concerned, has not been prying at all. There is an inescapable implication that Winchell's readers have been skipping these passages.

Although his impulses are generous to the point of being self-sacrificing, Winchell has not enjoyed quite the same freedom in writing about his family that he has had in writing about other families. There have been two restraining influences which have diminished almost imperceptibly his tendency to invite public inspection of his home life. One of these is a fear of kidnappers, from which he has suffered since the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby in 1932. Just as he expects constantly to be attacked himself, and for this reason carries about with him two cumbersome automatics, he has a horrid foreboding that his children are in constant danger. Though he has a genuine terror of kidnappers, he appears to believe that criminals of this type lack ingenuity. He has made public the fact that he lives in an apartment with his wife and children on Central Park West, but he has archly withheld from publication the exact street address and makes a practice of begging his various biographers to keep this secret sacred. He has let it be known that he has a summer place in Westchester, but he is convinced that unless a kidnapper sees the precise location in print, he will not know how to go about finding it.

In all other respects, Winchell has freely extended to the public an opportunity to get to know his children as intimately as he knows them himself. Walda, his daughter, has been described in detail, her remarks have been quoted at length, and the father has told, among other things, how it feels to hold her hand. "Walking on the street with a warm little hand clasped in yours," he has written emphatically, "is a thrill only a daddy knows. Your child is clinging to you, so dependent and trusting—so safe with your firm grip to guide her. There really isn't a more thrilling thrill than that of a little girl's warm hand in yours, as you swing along. Have a baby and start living."

The birth of Walter Winchell, Jr., on July 26, 1935, had been accurately predicted in Winchell's column, and when the baby arrived, Winchell reported what he looked like, what he smelled like, and even what he tasted like. "His tiny ears," Winchell revealed, "are up against his well-shaped head. Dark blue eyes. Black hair. Exceptionally good chest expansion (according to the nurses). He rolls both of his huge eyes at the same time. There isn't a blemish on his sturdy little body. He seldom cries. He gurgles. And coos. Like pigeons do. When the light makes him squint, he squints exactly the way his daddy does. He tastes like honey. And smells like gardenias."

Winchell has no self-centred secretiveness about the little happenings inside his home, such as the time Walda fell down and cut herself. "Poor kid," he wrote, "I wish I had her Moxie—her courage—her heart. Walda, I mean. What an inheritance from her mother. They were watching her the other day when she was playing ghosts . . . with pillow slips . . . when it happened again! And she was so hurt that the surgeon had to embroider the wound plenty—and something inside of you dies," etc., etc.

The second, and perhaps the stronger, restraining influence in Winchell's private life is the mother from whom Walda, according to the foregoing, inherited courage, heart, and Moxie. This is Mrs. June Winchell, who married Winchell before he became a gossip columnist. She has red hair and is attractive. When Winchell's friends speak of her, they say enthusiastically that she is a charming woman. She had been in vaudeville for a short time when she married Winchell in 1923. She disapproves of many things her husband puts in his column, and, as Winchell has told his readers, it is her gentle custom to put a ring around such items with a red pencil and leave them on his bureau, where he will see them when he gets up in the afternoon. Sometimes, according to her husband's published gossip, she writes ironically in the margin, "This makes me very proud of you!" She objects most passionately to the items Winchell puts in his column about her and the children and what goes on in her home. On the whole she seems to have had a hard row to hoe. An assiduous reader of Winchell's gossip about the Winchells is able to conclude that this conflict in the Winchell home has served to curb Winchell's tendency toward public display of private matters, but not much more than a rubber bit would curb a mustang.

RELATIVELY speaking, Mrs. Winchell has not occupied a great deal of space in her husband's column, but

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in a reverse fashion this circumstance may have proved trying to her during the period from 1924 to 1929, when Winchell's column was appearing in the *Evening Graphic*. For years Mrs. Winchell was not mentioned at all, nor were the children. At the beginning of the *Graphic* period, Winchell had one daughter—Gloria, who died in 1932. Walda was born in 1927, when Winchell's column in the *Graphic* was well known to most New Yorkers and must have been read by his wife and her friends. Throughout this period, Winchell referred to himself in his column as "Mrs. Winchell's Little Boy Walter" and frequently mentioned his mother, but never his wife or his babies. He printed in his column a diary after the manner of Pepys, and to what extent his diary was fiction may be judged by the reader in the light of other confessions he has made about his home life. A typical excerpt:

Nursed the sheets till late, being weary from a strenuous tear the night before, having hoofed at a White Light place with Bobbie Folsom and other charming wretches. So to breakfast with Lovey Kent, who is as sweet as her Christian monicker.

And again:

Up betimes and broke fast with a baby doll from "Artists and Models." To the plant and did my Monday copy hurriedly, thence to a dice house where the side wagers dented my b.r. and I pledged to dissipate thereafter with the Casino. To the Guild Tapestry Ball where Max Lief of the News loaned me his girl friend for a shuffle; and I met Kathleen Lowry of "Night Hawks" whose orchid crepe de chine gown was very daring... Lay later than usual and hastened to meet Dexter Fellows, press agent for Barnum & Bailey, who said that he pictured me all the while as an aged man, and was surprised to find I was young and handsome, which embarrassed me a little. To the plant and clowned with Patricia Lee... and I chucked her under the chin which made her cheeks pinker... In the rain to keep a rendezvous with Mary Thomas, who coryphees for a living.

The Winchell diary during this period runs on and on. Here is another excerpt:

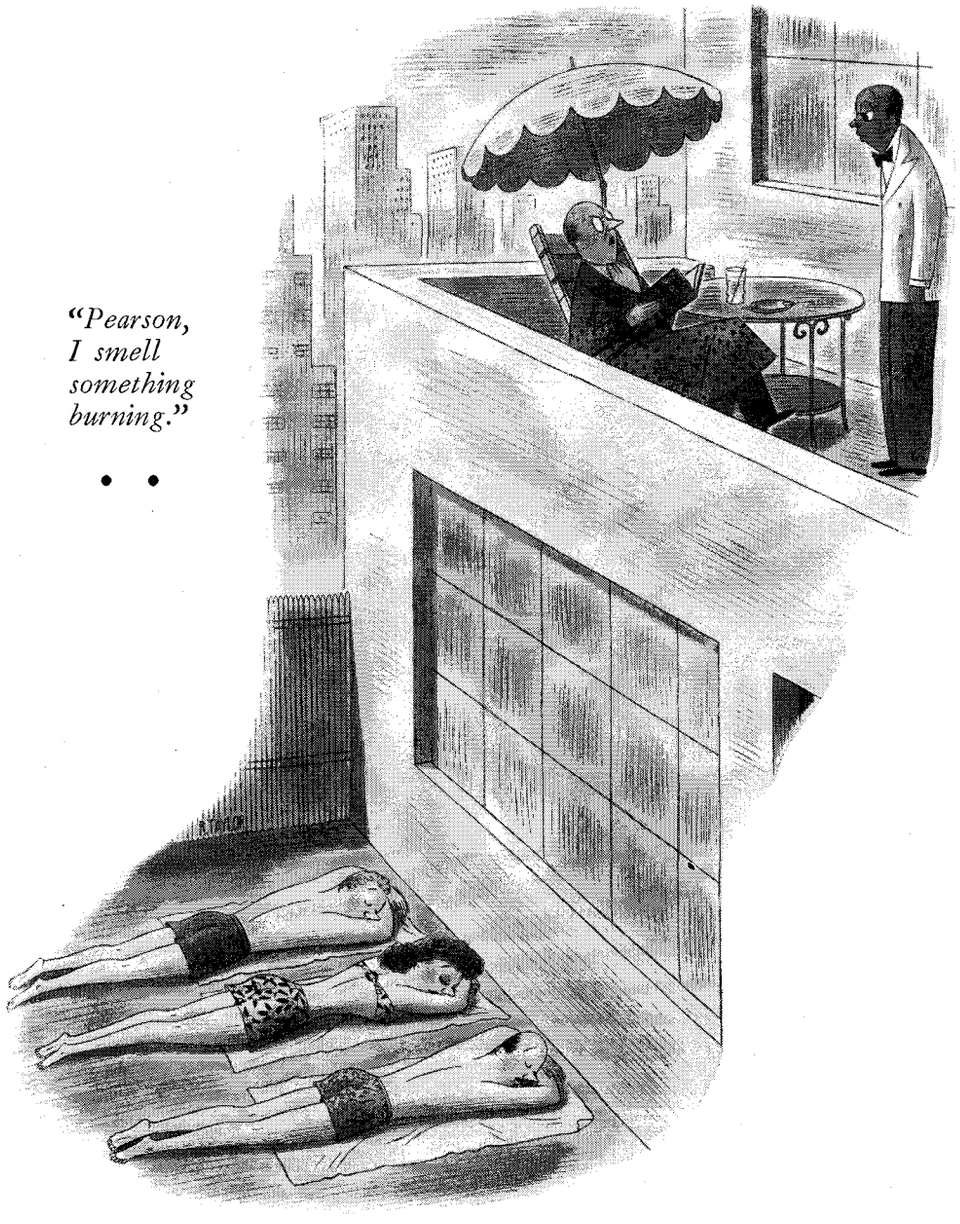
Up early and prettied myself before taxiing through the park to mother's where I broke my fast. Mother distressed because my cheeks are wan, and worried over my conduct, hearing tales from kin who should know better. Later to visit Vivien and Pearl at the Commodore, and the house detective reluctant to permit me to remain, but fell for my police card. Home by two past the hour, and surprised there by a young crowd of night owls who stained my victrola with their gin. Got that way again, and so to bed. Lord, I wish I could appreciate the sunlight as I do the rays of the incandescents! Helen Plunkett, shapelier than ever, and attired in attractive garments, was a sight for my eyes. So I took her to Schraffts. . . Later with Miriam Dolt, who left her husband because he would not permit her to return to the stage, and I comforted her as best I knew how. Later to the Parody Club for a free meal and I cut for no good and so forth. . . On the Ostermoor again till noon, and disgusted with myself for living such an existence and pledged to cavort less hereafter, but Lord, I fear I will not be able to control my will, having had girl trouble since my 16th year.

One item in the long saga which might be interpreted as referring to Mrs. Winchell was the following:

Lay late, and began the day with a quarrel with my sugar, whose door I didn't mean to slam as I departed. It seems I am luckier in the dice house than I am in hers. So with a heavy heart to my Broadway and upstaged all whom I encountered.

But in a day or so Winchell is

Back to my Main Street, where I got plastered. In the hay till noon again, and hastened to keep a rendezvous with Eula Youngblood, as lovely a cowgal as Oklahoma ever bred.



"Pearson, I smell something burning."

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MRS. WINCHELL and the Winchell children did not make their appearance in Winchell's column until the early nineteen-thirties, after he had gone over to the *Daily Mirror* and was beginning to become a national figure. Then, in October, 1934, he introduced a new feature in his column, called "Mr. and Mrs. Columnist at Home." Starting off with a homely dialogue between himself and his wife, he was able to give his readers searching glances into his

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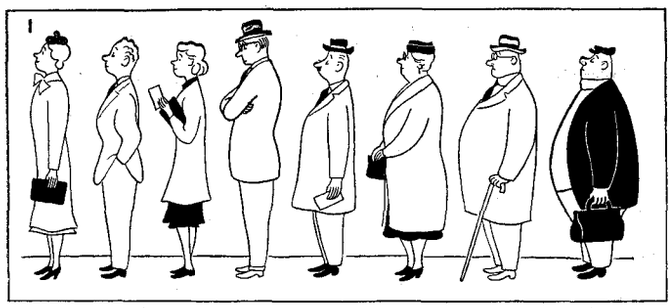
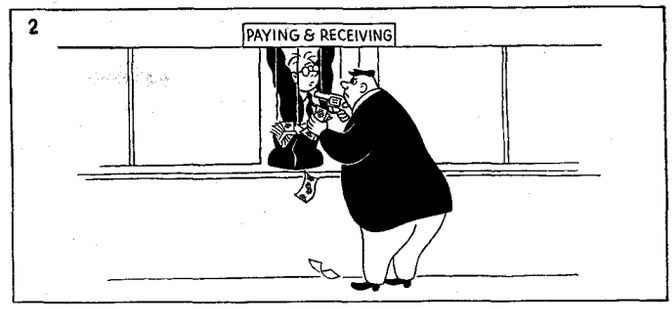
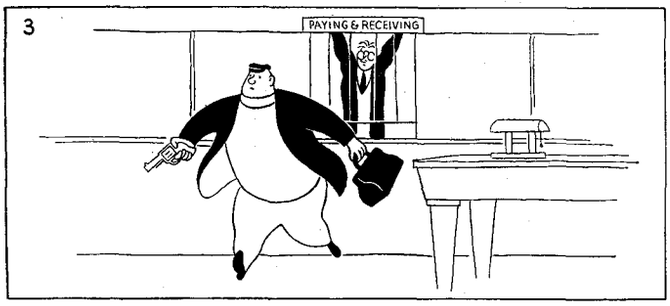
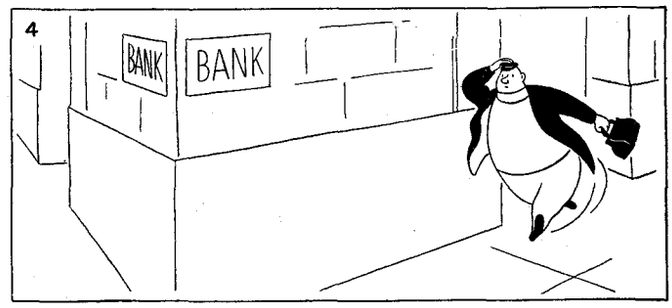
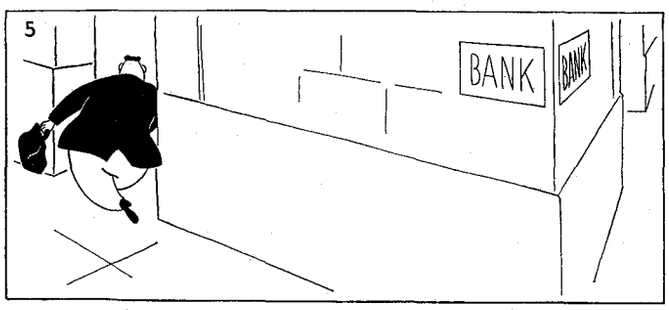
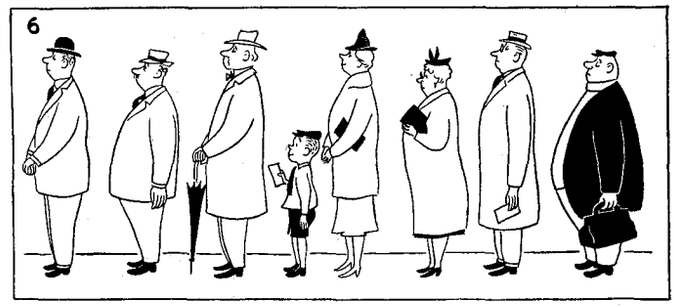












home life and then go from that into the usual news and gossip about the outside world. Mrs. Winchell's remarks were printed in ordinary roman type, Winchell's were reproduced in italics. This is a sample from the first of the "Mr. and Mrs. Columnist at Home" column:

"How's the baby? I haven't seen her for days. Is she well?"

"Yes, she's fine. She's growing too fast—too fast."

"I met some man, who said he met Walda at Bea's—and that she threw him with one of her words. He asked her to go to an ice-cream parlor and she politely told him that she couldn't go with him but that she 'appreshe-shated' it very much. She's a stylist like her pop."

"What's going on downtown—besides the Lindbergh case?"

"That Vanderbilt woman thing is in the courts—messy stuff. Swell for the papers. Fighting over custody of her daughter, Gloria."

"Yes, I know. Dorothy told me only last night that the child and Walda have been playing together in the park for weeks."

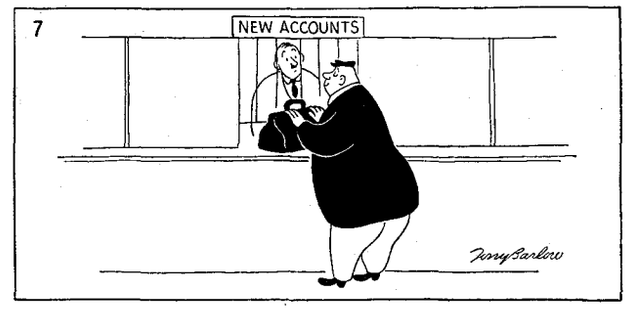
"Really? Well, we've finally gone social, I suppose."

"Poor Walda. She has her little aches. Dorothy told me that when Walda and the Vanderbilt child, who is 9, first met, Walda went up to her and said: 'What's your name?' and she replied: 'Gloria.' Walda's bottom lip started to quiver and her chin dropped—but she steadied herself—and never mentioned the incident to Dorothy or me, poor thing."

"Yes, I know. I've received several lovely poems from people about that line I ran the other day—about 'Gloria would have been 11.' One came from a Cleveland newspaperwoman—a lovely thing."

"Don't run them—none of them—don't do it!"

"Okay, honey—I won't. . . I know. . ."



Here is an excerpt from just one more column of the same kind. It appeared a few days after the one above:

"Did you read that column I did about you and. . ."

"Don't you mention that thing—do you hear?"

"What's the matter—what was wrong with it?"

"I said don't mention it to me! I threw it down three times—although it got me so curious, I had to pick it up each time and finish the darn thing. Don't put me in the paper—don't make me say things I didn't say. People will think I'm silly or something. Walda, come here. Be careful what you say in front of Daddy—he'll put it in the paper!"

"Oh, cut that out. Everything I said you said, you said! Maybe not in the same day—but you said those things. It's a good idea for a column, and I'm gonna do it every now and then—and what do you think about that? It's intimate, personal, inside stuff about us—and several people have written in to say they liked it. Get me some orange juice."

"Nevertheless leave me out of it. Don't make me a character. . . ."

Winchell discontinued these columns after a short time. He has since given as his reason the fact that his wife strongly objected to them.

Since the "Mr. and Mrs. Columnist at Home" series, Mrs. Winchell has appeared rather infrequently in her husband's column. The approach of Walter, Jr., was, to be sure, heralded by her husband in one of his Monday items, and twice since then he has announced the approaching birth of a new Winchell, announcements which he later retracted. But that is all. Otherwise, Mrs. Win-

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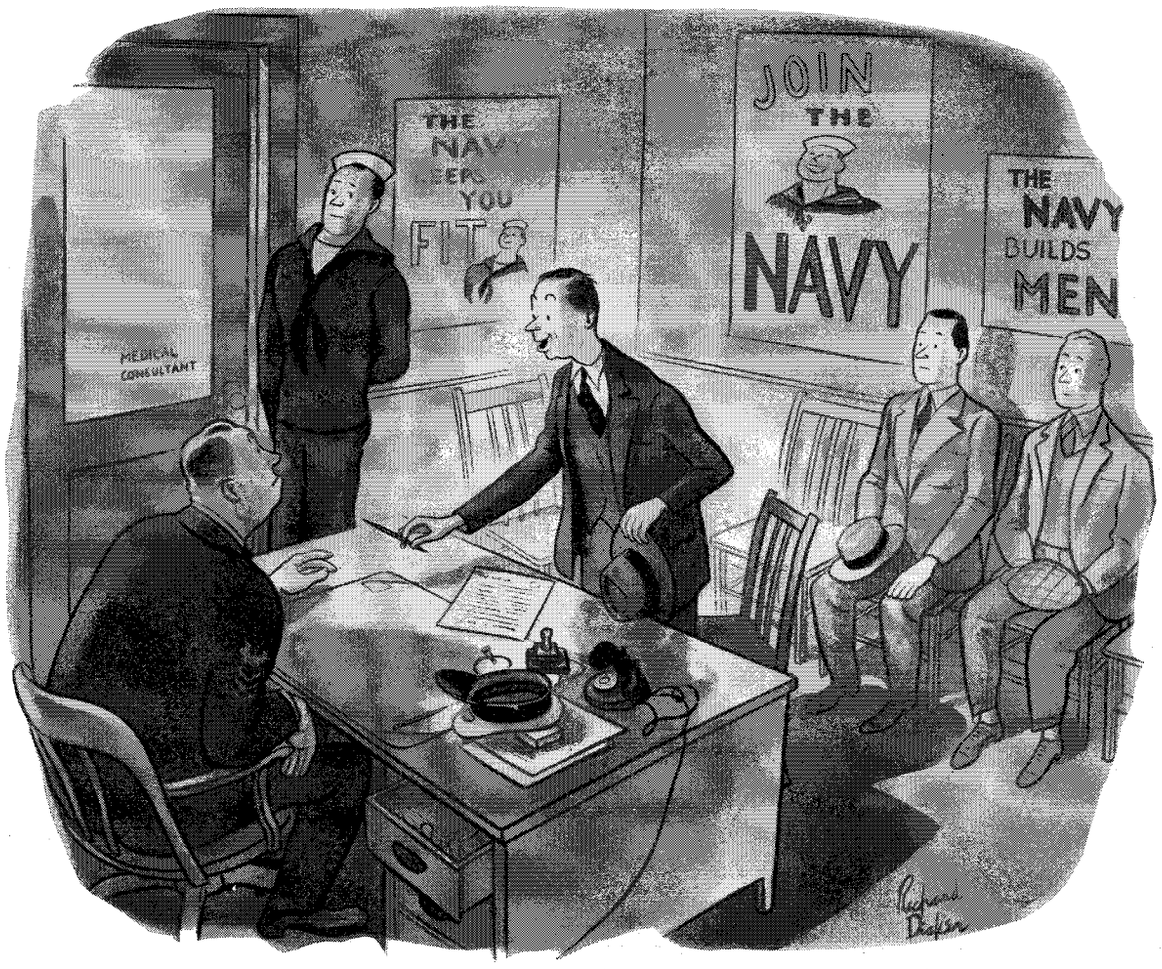

"Now who do I see about the sweetheart in every port?"

•

chell has kept unsullied her ideal of privacy. She bolsters her chances of continuing to do so by consistently refusing to appear in public places with her husband. He has said himself that she turns him down every time he urges her to go to an opening with him or to a night club. Last winter, he told an interviewer recently, he asked her to go to the opening of "Du Barry Was a Lady," but she refused. He tried to coax her by pointing out that speculators were selling the seats for $25 apiece. She was inflexible. Mrs. Winchell just won't go around publicly with her husband, and that is all there is to it. He went alone to the opening of "Du Barry Was a Lady" and the seat beside him held only his gray, snap-brim felt hat.

WINCHELL has written innumerable items about himself in the course of the last fifteen years and has revealed in his column, among other things, that he is never able to leave a phone booth without sticking his fingers in the coin slot to see if the nickel has been returned by mistake; that he leaves a dollar tip when a night club refuses to let him pay his check; that five hours of sunlight make no impression on his skin; that he hasn't worn a vest since 1920; that his hair is thinning, although there has never been any baldness in his family; that he paid federal and state income taxes of $177,600 for 1939; that his blood pressure is low but his blood count normal; and that he likes to look at women's legs—"I like that curve, frixample, that begins a little below the back of the knee and tapers down gracefully to the calf."

Of his father and mother, Winchell has written little, but, on the other hand, neither parent seems to have appeared to him to require more than brief notices. They are obscure citizens and the chances are that had not Winchell come forward with what he did, no outsider would ever have been able to acquire an intimate impression of them. As it is, Winchell has published the fact that they were divorced twenty years ago, has implied that his father was a failure in business, that he sends money to his mother, and that at least once she asked his secretary to tell her son not to forget to send it. "The pater once prospered as a manufacturer of silks," Winchell wrote of his father. "He is a much better auction-pinochle player." In the *Graphic* days, Winchell occasionally mentioned his mother; then, as his wife and children came into the column in the *Mirror*, his mother dropped out. One of the last references to her was printed in November, 1931, when an item appeared in his Friday column, "Memos of a Columnist's Girl Friday," which is purportedly written by Winchell's secretary but actually by Winchell himself, something in the manner of Gertrude Stein's "Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas." Winchell evidently wished to convey to his readers that his mother was getting along fine, was still concerned about his health, and was being supported by him. The item was: "I saw your mother yesterday. She has the loveliest white hair I've ever seen. She said you shouldn't get sick and don't forget to send money."

Taken by and large, Winchell's pitiless saga of his home life and of the part he plays as a husband and father (and as a son) deserves a place in the history of journalism as the only available example of a modern gossip writer's self-immolation. Notwithstanding the fact that the subject under examination is Walter Winchell, to attempt to go further into the intimate aspects of his private life than he has gone himself would be rankly conscientious.

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

(This is the third of a series of articles on Mr. Winchell.)

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Times*]

NEW HAVEN, Conn., April 20—Young Democrats of Connecticut endorsed the third term today, declared they stood on a platform of broad Americanism and wanted no other "ism," and asked for the removal of turnpike tolls on the Merritt Parkway.

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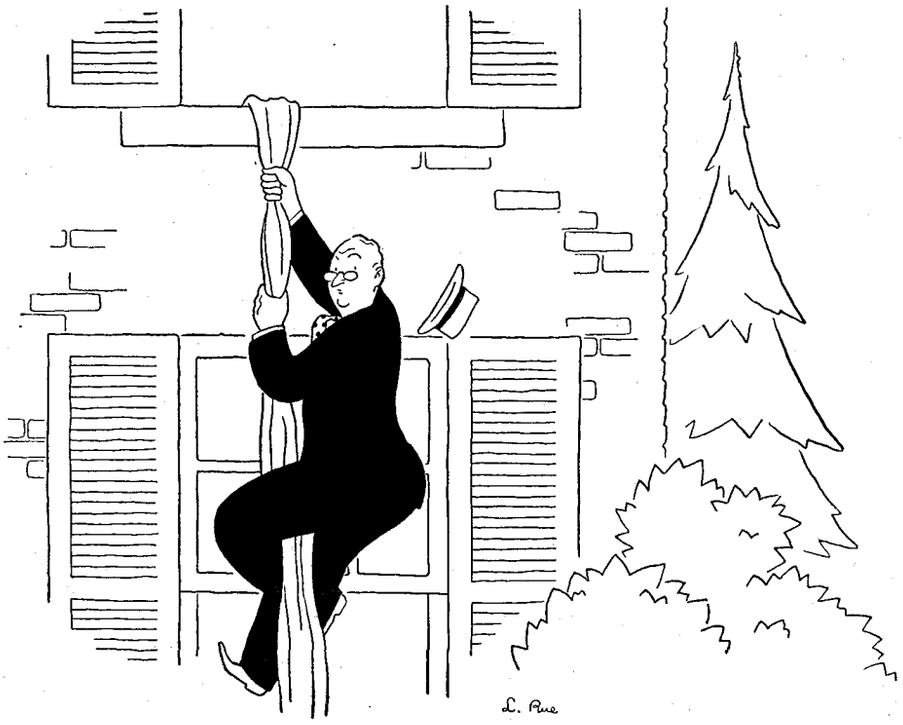
"I'm mortified" said Mr. Hyde



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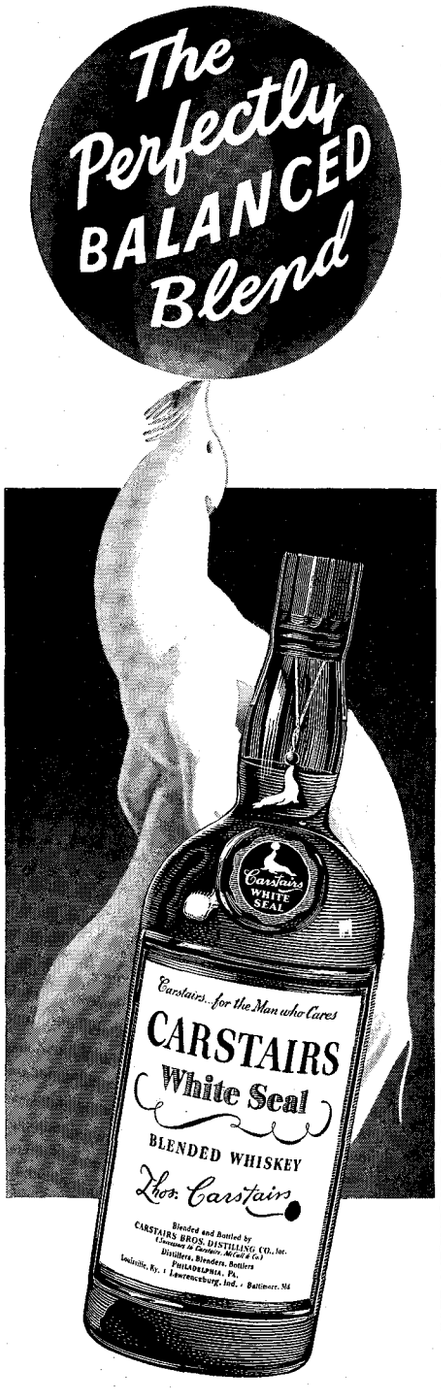

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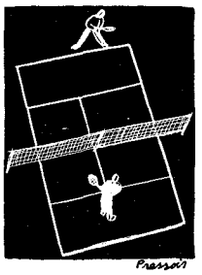
THE TENNIS COURTS

Strictly Domestic—Ten Against Ten

THIS department closed the season of 1939 with the statement that the future of international tennis was in the hands of Hitler. All too true, and as a result international tennis, along with so many other things, is on the rocks—no Davis Cup, no Wightman Cup, no Wimbledon. The Lawn Tennis Association of Australia, the present holder of the Davis Cup, announced with evident relief in February (by which time at least two members of its team, Quist and Hopman, were in the army) that the deadline for challenging this year was past and that no challenges had been received. This year was to have been England's turn to entertain the Wightman Cup girls, so that's out, and the same, of course, goes for Wimbledon.



The Allegheny Country Club has taken advantage of the Davis Cup armistice to whip up interest in the East-West matches, which are being held this weekend in Sewickley. Eastern teams have been playing Western teams in an obscure sort of way since 1899, but now, according to the Allegheny publicity staff, things are going to be different. The matches have been arranged along Davis Cup lines, with two singles, then a doubles, and then two singles, and the management's even got two Davis Cup captains—Samuel Hardy, who headed the team in 1920 and 1931, and Walter Pate, who is in charge of what little activity there is in Cup circles this year—to choose the sides. Although some fairly good tennis should come of it all, the result will in no way indicate sectional superiority. For one thing, neither side has been able to land Riggs, which means that the matches will be played without the No. 1 man in the national ranking, and for another, Henry Prusoff, a muscular athlete from Seattle, will be among those representing the East. If the East wins, Westerners can say that it was Prusoff's doing and, furthermore, that Riggs, who learned his tennis in California, could have licked the bunch. As a matter of fact, the East may very well win if Frank Parker can take care of S. Welby Van Horn, and there are still those who think he can, in spite of Van Horn's showing at Forest Hills last summer. Budge recently told somebody that he thought Van Horn was overrated, but then, Tilden once said the same thing about Budge, so you never know. Incidentally, Frank Kovacs and Gene Smith, who haven't been seen very often in these parts, will be playing for the West. Neither is happy unless he's whaling the cover off the ball, a trait which makes both very popular with the galleries. Smith, a Californian, reached the semifinals at Wimbledon last year by the sheer power of his service. He got where he is despite the fact that he's an English instructor and has to spend the greater part of the year in classrooms. The name Smith is a further mark of distinction, being a brand-new one in the tennis annals of this country.

THE disappearance of international competition has got the advocates of open tournaments and pro-amateur team matches talking again. In a recent issue of *American Lawn Tennis*, Gardnar Mulloy, our eighth ranking amateur, tells what he thinks would happen if he and the rest of the first ten amateurs met ten professionals, whom Mulloy himself has ranked for the sake of argument. He concedes the pros only one match—Budge over Riggs. Parker, he says, playing No. 2 for the amateurs, could beat Perry easily on clay, and on grass the match would be a tossup. Mulloy bases much of his surprising conjecture on what he calls "the keen competitive spirit of the amateurs," which, I'm afraid, is a nebulous quality at best. I suspect that Perry's answer to keen competitive spirit would be a few keen passing shots and several competitive service aces.

FOR a while last week it looked as though American players might find themselves confronted by a foreign rival from, of all places, Germany. Word got around that Baron Gottfried von Cramm, travelling under an assumed name, had alighted from a plane at LaGuardia Field and that his identity had been betrayed by the name on the racquet case he was carrying. Well, it wasn't the Baron, of course. The fellow was Owen Anderson, a California player and a friend of von Cramm's. He just happened to be using one of the Baron's old cases, and didn't mean to confuse anybody.

—D. E. L.

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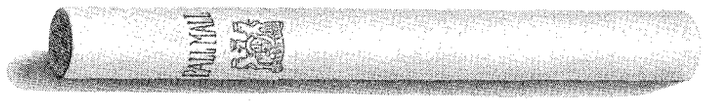

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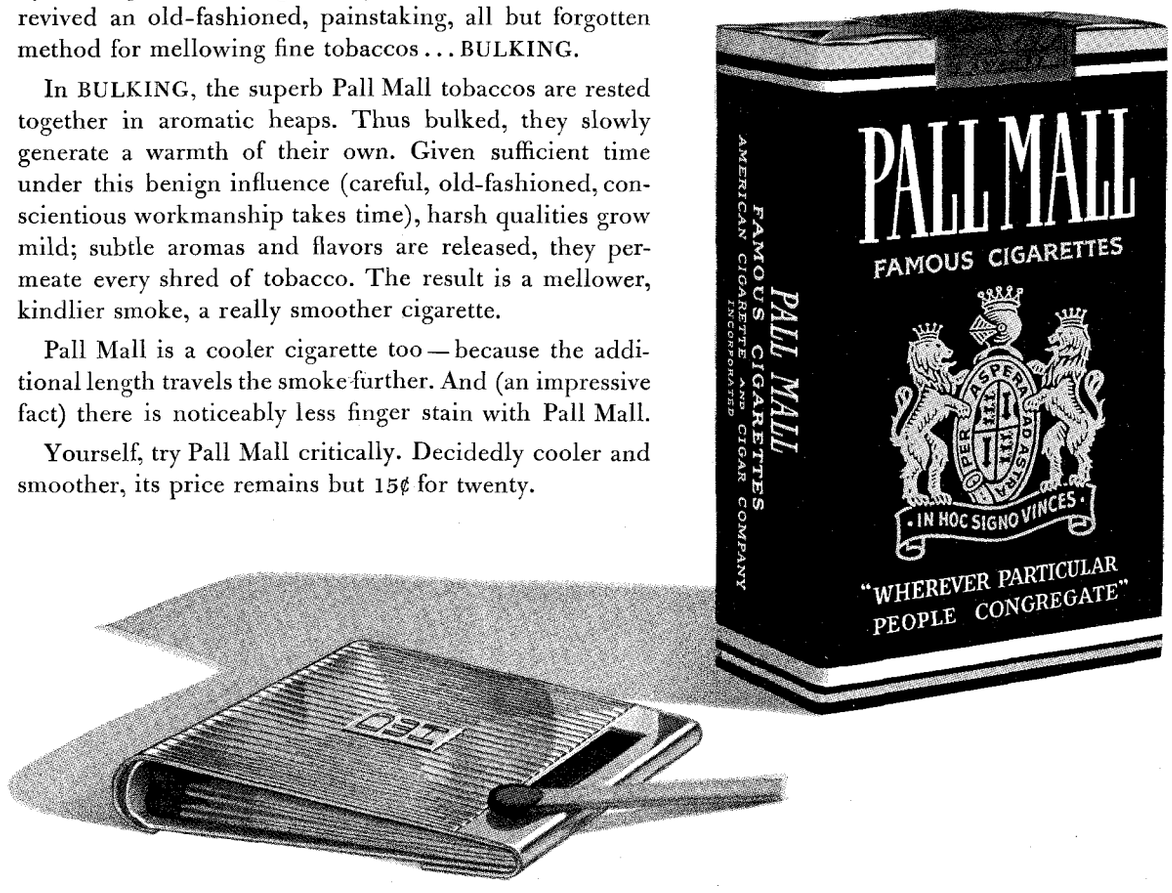

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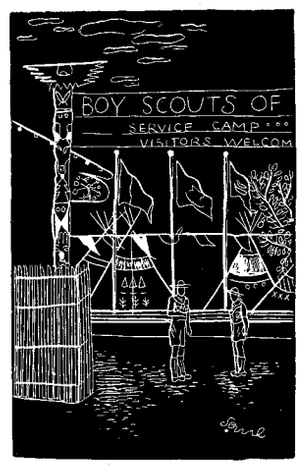
NO NEWS IS GOOD

A FEW minutes before six-thirty, Miss Harriet Clarke moved the radio from the pine table that stood between the kitchen windows and set it on the cherry gate-legged table. Then she lit the candles while her sister, Mrs. Brainerd, filled the water glasses. The kitchen was L-shaped, and some years ago the two ladies had decided that it was foolish to eat in the dining room when the smaller part of the L could so easily be furnished as a cozy little dining alcove. Although they referred to it as the breakfast nook, they ate all their meals there. It was pleasant in the winter, when the windows grew blurred with steam and the room smelled of coffee boiling or fresh rolls baking. It was even nicer in the summer, when the scents of the Vermont countryside blew in through the open window and mingled with the appetizing odor of their delicate dinners. Promptly at half past six every evening, Miss Clarke turned the switch on the radio and adjusted the dial for the news broadcast. It was her job, just as it was Mrs. Brainerd's job to carve the meat in paper-thin slices and serve the vegetables. Mrs. Brainerd's few years of married life had equipped her for the more masculine share of the household chores.

The evening was warm and there was a hint of rain in the air. Miss Clarke frowned as she tuned in on a New York station. "I'm afraid we'll have some static," she said.



Mrs. Brainerd counted out six stalks of asparagus and laid them neatly on a blue willowware plate. "There's plenty more of this," she said. "I always think it looks so unappetizing to see too much food in front of one at once. Better to come back, I think." She carried two plates to the table and set them down.

"There is static," Miss Clarke said. "I suppose it can't be helped. Some bright young man would be doing a great service if he would invent a way to do away with it." She sat down and unfolded her napkin.

The radio hummed and crackled, and the announcer's voice cut through the room.

Mrs. Brainerd took a sip of water. "I always think that young man's voice is just exactly like Paul Phillips's. You remember Paul Phillips, Harriet? He lived in the corner house near the Delmar Avenue trolley."

"I should say I do remember him." Miss Clarke laughed softly. "I never will forget the sensation he caused when he made the parlor curtains for his mother."

"He didn't make them, exactly, dear. He designed them."

"Well, it's the same thing." Miss Clarke turned an attentive ear to the radio. The news broadcast had begun.

"He was a quiet sort of boy. His mother worshipped the ground he walked on. I always thought that *that's* what made him such a sissy. I mean, she kept him in curls until he was ten."

"Goodness!" Miss Clarke exclaimed. "I wonder how those men keep the names of all those foreign towns straight."

Mrs. Brainerd buttered a hot roll. "When she died, he married, you know. It was a great surprise. He was getting on. He must have been over forty. What *was* the name of the girl he married? Hazzard, or Cummings, or something like that."

"Hazzard was the name of the girl Luther Childs married. Marion Hazzard. She was from Ohio."

"Illinois," Mrs. Brainerd corrected her. "He met her at that place they used to go to on Lake Michigan. It had an Indian name. Minne-something."

"She was a lovely-looking girl," Miss Clarke said. "She looked just like that actress we saw in the picture about the detective. You know, she was the detective's wife."

"I don't think I remember it."

"Oh, you must remember it!" Miss Clarke's voice was impatient. "Her husband was a detective. He's the man who is almost always a detective. I can't quite think whether he is a professional one or not, but he solves the murders. The tall man with the mustache. He has very nice shoulders, too."

"Ronald Colman?" Mrs. Brainerd suggested.

"Goodness, no! Not Ronald Colman. He doesn't look anything like Ronald Colman. He's stouter. Well, not stout, but there's more to him, and he has a mustache."

"Ronald Colman has a mustache."

"Well, it's not Ronald Colman. This man isn't even English. He's an American, and you've seen him dozens of times."

"I can't think," Mrs. Brainerd said. "Would you like a little more asparagus, Harriet?"

Miss Clarke passed her plate absentmindedly. "Now, isn't that aggravating! His name's on the tip of my tongue."

"Don't think about it," Mrs. Brainerd said soothingly. "It will come to you."

She walked to the stove and counted out six more stalks of asparagus and divided a new potato in half. "I only cooked three potatoes," she said. "If I cook two apiece, there's always one left, and there isn't anything you can do with one potato."

"I wish we had that recipe for fish cakes that Mrs. Harris used to make. I believe she used to make them with potato."

"Those were mashed potatoes." Mrs. Brainerd carried the plates back to the table and sat down again. "Goodness, what was that?" she asked. "Something about a transport."

"It was something about a transport," Miss Clarke agreed. "But I didn't quite catch it. It's all too dreadful."

"Dreadful," Mrs. Brainerd repeated. "There's your friend the announcer again."

"My *friend* the announcer," Miss Clarke said gaily. "*Your* friend Paul Phillips."

"It would be strange if he were Paul Phillips."

"It would be. But Paul Phillips—why, Paul Phillips must be in his sixties."

The two sisters looked at one another in amazement.

"How the years do fly," Mrs. Brainerd said. She looked toward the window. The dotted-swiss curtains fluttered in the breeze, and the red geranium on the window sill was brilliant in the gray half-light. Her mouth drooped at the corners and her eyes were softly puzzled.

"Almost time for Lowell Thomas, dear," she said. —ESTHER EVARTS

•

If the cube root of a yacht's displacement (in cubic feet) exceeds cube root B.D. by more than 10%, the value of P equals .35 cube root of B.D. plus twice the difference between 1.1 cube root B.D. and cube root of yacht's displacement.—*From the racing rules of the Cruising Club of America.*

Well, there isn't any wind today anyway.

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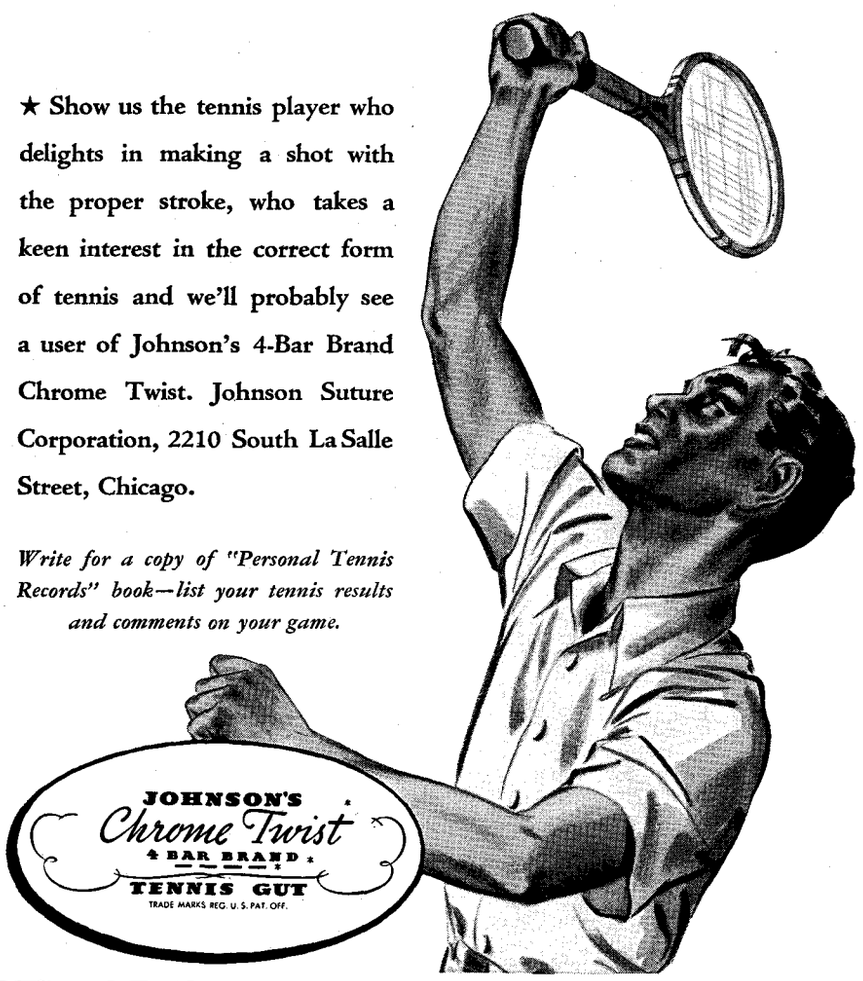

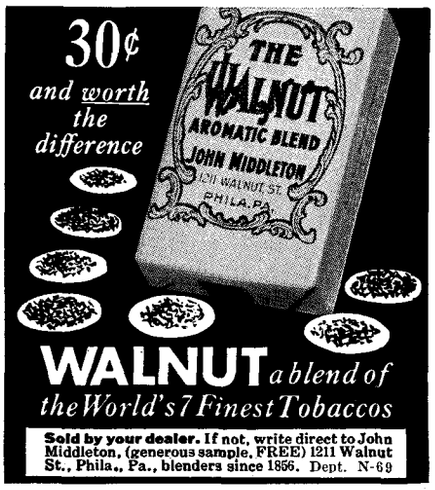
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THE PENSIONE MARIANA

THERE has been a good deal of conjecture lately about why Mussolini took such a long time to decide to go to war. I believe that a study of the Pensione Mariana in Rome, which is one of hundreds exactly alike, will throw some light on the man's dilemma.

The owner of the *pensione*, Fräulein Arndt, is a Swiss lady from Bern. She has owned the Mariana for thirty years. She was grimly anti-Hitler from the first. When Germany and Italy became an Axis, Fräulein Arndt packed a bag and put it under her bed, ready to dash home to Switzerland if that which has just happened ever happened. Only she honestly never thought it would happen. Germans fight against Italians, not with them. Take her help: the Austrian chambermaids from the Italian Tyrol and the Roman kitchen staff are in a brawl all the time, tooth and nail. Nothing can be done about it. Fräulein Arndt herself insists on the snow-white, Swiss-style bedrooms and her guests clamor for an Italian cuisine.

The guest who's been longest at the Mariana is Miss Murphy of Cleveland, Ohio. Miss Murphy is a devout Catholic and she went to live in Rome years ago to be near the Pope. She decided long since never to return to Cleveland. When Miss Murphy went to Italy she didn't like Mussolini much, but after he rejoined the Church and properly married Mrs. Mussolini she accepted him, because the Pope had, and gradually she's got used to him. The only country Miss Murphy really hates is England. One time when the Irish and the English were having trouble, Miss Murphy was visiting relatives in Dublin. The British announced one day that anyone who walked along a certain troublesome street would be shot. Miss Murphy promptly went and walked the full length of that street and they didn't shoot.

The room next to Miss Murphy's is occupied by an Englishwoman who still looks and acts like one, after fifty-five years in Italy. When she was twenty, she went to Rome as a governess in a noble family. She stayed with them fifty years, after which they pensioned her off. What will happen to this old lady? What will Mussolini decree for her and for many others like her in his country?

The Cuban composer, the American opera singer, and the American students are simple problems, provided they can find a boat, but what is going to happen

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to the Russian Count who was once Ambassador to Spain? And his old Countess, in her moth-eaten chinchilla wrap? They'd given up their home in Nice because Italy was so much cheaper than France. Then there was that other Count and Countess, who got so on people's nerves. The Count was Italian and young. The Countess was English and not so young—but rich. Unhappily she had been divorced before marrying the Count, and though Miss Murphy disliked agreeing with Mussolini, they saw eye to eye in decreeing that marriage no marriage. The Duce took the young Count's army commission away from him—probably he'll give it back now—and Miss Murphy gave the couple a continuous cold shoulder. The Count got up at ten and walked the Countess's dog around the block morning and afternoon, but otherwise was inactive. In a place where everybody knew how many baths you took, at a quarter a bath, the Count was at the bottom of the list.

The French art dealer and the New York-Italian antique dealer and the English general have no doubt gone their various ways, but the plight of the Italian Voice of Stan Laurel must have been one to give Il Duce long pause before declaring war on England. What will happen to the Voice? He was a gloomy man at best. Dark and heavy-eyed, he used to be the first in the dining room, where he ate long and sadly, washing down his food with red wine in a constantly increasing gloom. He worked in a movie studio, where his voice was substituted for Laurel's in special Italian sound recordings for Laurel and Hardy pictures. Laurel is, of course, an Englishman. Italians love to laugh, but it wouldn't do to let them laugh at the antics of an Englishman now. So think of the fate of the Italian who made his career the voice of Stan Laurel, and drop a tear. —FRANCES CRANE

•

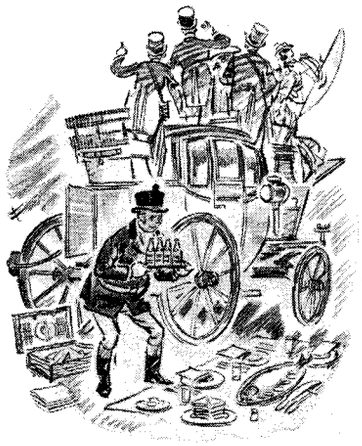
FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Pasadena Star-News*]

ERROR CORRECTED

ALTADENA, April 10.—Through an error, it was reported on this page Monday, in a review of the address of Judge Frank C. Collier at Pasadena Breakfast Club Sunday, that in the hayrack case that came before him recently the mother of one of the young people on the hayrack gave the driver liquor to drink prior to his driving the truck. The report should have read that the mother of the young woman with the driver that ran into the truck gave that driver liquor to drink prior to his driving the automobile that assertedly collided with the truck.

One of the Good Things Men Remember



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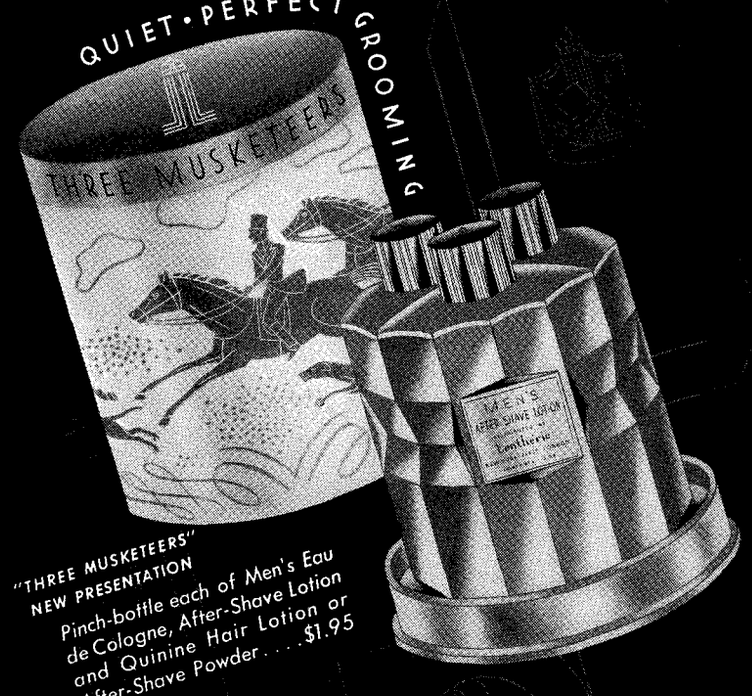

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RESTAURANTS

Crawfish, Egg Rolls, and Strained Yoghurt

THIS year, in addition to places specializing in that fine, familiar food-that-goes-with-beer, you'll find several new restaurants in or near the amusement area at the Fair serving a pleasant and surprising variety of foreign dishes. To begin with, there is the Ponce de Leon Patio in the Florida Building, which can be gaily approached by motorboat. It's a shy establishment, plainly panelled in rough wood, with windows that open on a veranda. Everyone around the place seems to be from Tampa, and they're all mighty pleasant, caring deeply whether you enjoy your food or not. You'll enjoy it, all right, because the chef knows what he's doing. I tried the chicken *al Jerez*, which came in a casserole with familiar vegetables and something strange-looking that my waiter assured me was Irish potato; the sauce tingled with sherry and couldn't have been better. The entirely Spanish menu, one of the most provocative I've seen at the Fair, deserves to be explored. As for me, the very thought of Key West crawfish, Cuban black-bean soup, pompano *al papillo*, and chicken with Spanish yellow rice makes me want to go back and start over. The bread comes to you hot and crisp in paper wrapping, the desserts (cream cheese with guava or fig preserves, for example) are simple and good, and the coffee is splendid. Nothing stronger than sherry around here, and what of it?

Ruby Foo has tossed up a Chinese pagoda in front of that gilded wonder called Lama Temple you saw out there last year, and has taken over sections of the temple itself for a starter. I personally find Chinese food habit-forming. I grow fonder and fonder of China tea, for one thing, and am about convinced that there's nothing more satisfying. If you're indifferent to the tea, the bar in the centre of the pavilion is ready to whip up anything, from gin-and-tonic to a Jersey Cyclone, whatever that is. Try the sweet-and-sour chicken, or the pepper steak, or the fried chicken with curry sauce. Or, if you're not up to a whole meal, sample what they call egg roll—crusty fried cylinders of thin batter filled with rice, shrimp, celery, and heaven knows what.

Washington Hall, on the lake in the amusement area, has a clubbish veranda bordered with flower boxes, and screened—a wonderful spot for moments when all is too strange and you yearn for the familiar. The furniture at the bar end is white iron and has lovely cushions, and you couldn't find a more peaceful place to catch your breath in the afternoon or sip brandy and watch the fireworks at night. There's a table-d'hôte meal and a nice selection of hot and cold dishes, sandwiches, and desserts. Curry of lamb with rice pilau and green peas, sliced turkey with fresh vegetable salad, and beef tongue with asparagus tips *vinaigrette* are some of the staples you'll find on the menu.

NOW to mention a few places I have just got around to revisiting in the foreign area: The Norwegian Pavilion, lacking exhibits, has turned its space into a simple restaurant with a garniture of paintings and a *smörgåsbord* in the centre. The hors-d'œuvres are numerous and as appetizing as any I've seen. I especially recommend the smoked whitefish, an American delicacy that goes hand in glove with its Scandinavian brothers. The *smörgåsbord*, dessert, and coffee (with a bottle of imported beer to follow your aquavit) make a fine lunch, but at dinner you'll probably want something more solid. Popular Norwegian dishes are always on the menu, along with a few little-known ones. The Norwegian sidewalk café of last year is twice the size it was. They serve remarkable sandwiches out there—things like fried cod roe, or kippers with egg. There's also cheese, Norwegian waffles with jam, and something extra fine called potato cakes, which are pancakes as big as your plate.

The Three Crowns Restaurant in the Swedish Pavilion is as popular as ever, which, if you remember back, is very popular indeed. I get so confused by the relentlessly revolving *smörgåsbord* that I probably will never come to know everything on it, but what I salvage tastes good. I think something like the handsomely roasted ptarmigan goes best after the delirium of the hors-d'œuvres, but for the very vigorous there's a bevy of more complicated Swedish dishes to choose from. The place itself is as charming as ever, the silver as shiny, the politeness and good humor as all-pervading. They will reserve tables, but won't hold them for more than fifteen minutes after the hour you set. If you can't get into the restaurant or you're in some sort of rush, try eating in the garden, which has a strapping new bar against the wall. There's always a soup *du jour*, interesting Swedish appetizers, and sandwiches, desserts, and beverages.

I'm still trying to put my finger on what it is that gives the Brazilian Restaurant its persistent air of lighthearted-ness. It might be the décor, or it might be the staff (a genial crew), or, again, it might be the music. (There's an orchestra at night for dancing, as you probably know by now.) They go in only meagrely for native dishes, unless you insist. If you want to insist, don't forget the one you must have heard about last year: *feijoada completa*. It's a kind of beef-and-pork stew served on Brazilian black beans, the whole thing sprinkled with farina mixed with egg—a fine conglomeration that they don't mind producing even if it's not on the menu. The coffee, of course, is superb and the garden they serve it in quite gay.

Hungary is better than ever this year, partly because of a window big enough to give two tables in the restaurant a full view of the fountains and others an adequate peek. Caraway- and poppy-seed haters are warned to stay away, for these spices turn up in and on everything. Other people can come running for things like breaded veal filet (rolled in cheese and served with paprika and caper sauce), imported goose liver, paprika chicken with sour-cream sauce and egg barley, and a dream dessert of oranges dipped in Tokay.

The Bagdad Restaurant (in the room where the Danes held forth last year) is the one to go to for Arabian cooking. I like its generous use of vegetables such as eggplant, okra, tomatoes, beans, and squash. I also like the broiled, skewered meats. There doesn't seem to be a frying pan in the kitchen, and I'm all for that. Arabian cheese was new to me, although it's only strained yoghurt served with a spoonful of olive oil and a dredging of chopped mint leaves. Since I was alone at the Bagdad, and it was lunchtime, I was apprehensive about drinking arrack (an anise-flavored distillation known as the Arabian Love Drink), but it might be ideal in company, after sundown. The frothing coffee can be ordered without sugar if you prefer it that way. —SOUBISE

•

MRS. DORIS DUKE CROMWELL EXPECTS AN HEIR IN AUGUST

Illustrated on Page 6

—*Headline in the Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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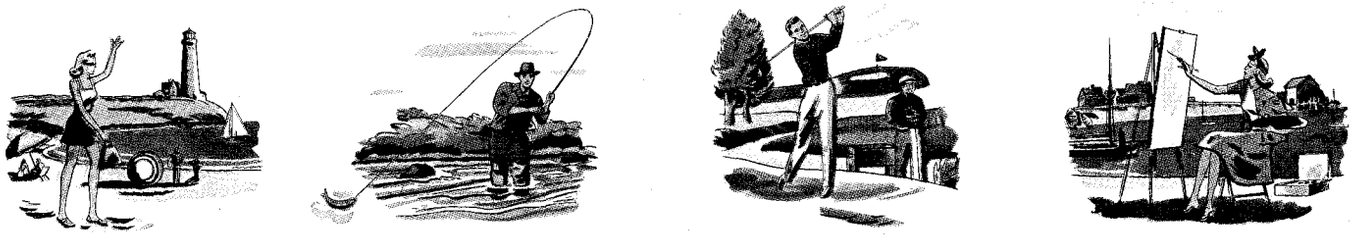

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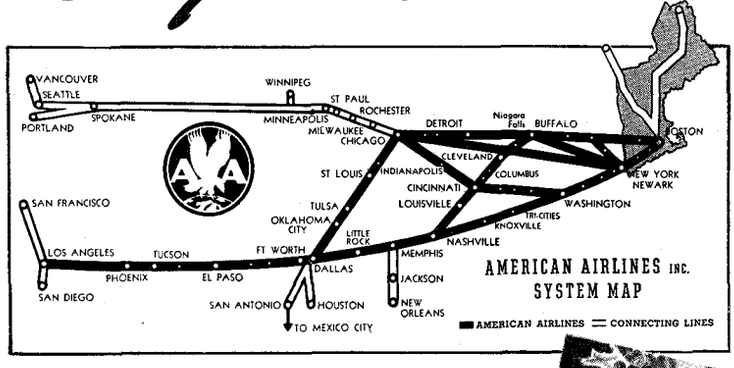

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ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

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All of it—that's a lot. A seven-year-old may not read newspapers but she shares her candy with the strange, dark-eyed little girl who has come to live next door.

All of it—is she old enough for that? What does a little girl know of wars and rumors of war? She will admire a neighbor's embroidered dress unless some one tells her the dress is "funny" and the neighbor is "foreign".

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OF ALL THINGS

IT is clear that the French met disaster because they were enlightened, peace-loving, and civilized. They frittered away their time producing the necessities of life instead of death.

•

In drawing up long lists of the blunders which led to the present tragedy, critics never include the worst. That was the bad timing of the bomb in the Munich beer hall.

•

As these thoughts are being set down, nobody has the faintest idea whom the Republicans will nominate. The only thing certain is that the ticket will not be headed by Stimson and Knox.

•

One is pained to hear that there is a feeling of gloom behind the smiling faces at Philadelphia. Delegates should remember that they are there to name standard-bearers, not pallbearers.

•

The Soviet move into the Baltic States indicates that Stalin is afraid of Germany, but he probably will not attack the Reich. It will be remembered that the Reds didn't look promising in the practice season in Finland.

•

Reich authorities differ as to the cause of the Germans' downfall in 1918. Hitler claims they were tricked, but according to Ludendorff, they were licked.

•

Congressmen of both parties are on record as favoring compulsory military training. Those of us who do not like the idea can go to the Fair and jump into Liberty Lake.

•

New York City's population increased only six per cent in the last decade. Still, there are 7,380,259 people willing to live here without even being given the place.

•

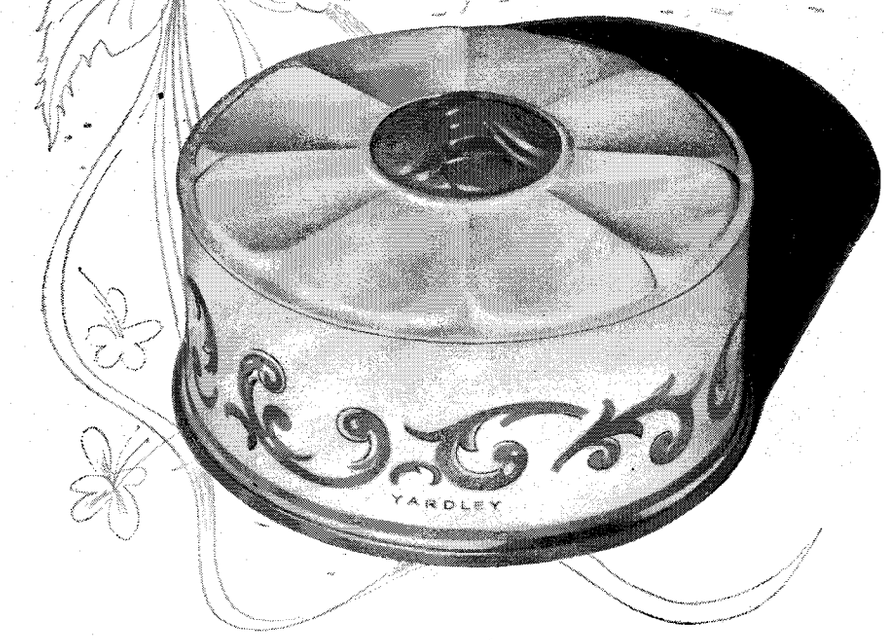
Einstein has passed his final examinations for citizenship and will be admitted to membership next fall. We welcome him to the land of the pretty brave and relatively free.

•

The inhabitants of Ninth Avenue are rejoicing in the forthcoming razing of the "L." At last, these submerged people are to have their place in the sun.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Have you ever known the unbelievable lightness of "English Complexion" Powder?



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IT'S WOVEN ON A CURVE TO FIT THE NECK

THE RACE TRACK

Trouble, Trouble

IT is ironic that although Snow Ridge must know the Aqueduct course better than most three-year-olds, because he trains there, he can't run straight over it. I daresay Your Chance would have finished first by lengths in the Dwyer Stakes last weekend if he hadn't been slammed by Snow Ridge. Of course, he won anyhow, because Snow Ridge was disqualified, but such occurrences wear one down.

The Dwyer was a good race to watch, though. Everyone who expected Andy K. to run out on the sharp turns was disappointed. Instead, with Gen'l Manager, he skipped away to a long lead, and never wavered even when he tired after going a mile and a furlong. At that point, Your Chance overtook both, but Snow Ridge also came along, bore over sharply, and crowded all three horses against the rails. You may recall that Snow Ridge's number was taken down for doing a similar trick in the Queens County Handicap a fortnight before. The bumping wasn't really deliberate in either case; Snow Ridge simply swerved away from the whip. By the way, here's a tip worth remembering: Some bright afternoon a jockey who whips with his left hand instead of his right will ride Snow Ridge, and everybody will be astonished to see the beast win at long odds. And speaking of jockeys, Wright handled Your Chance better in the Dwyer than Richards did in the Belmont Stakes.

ROMAN FLAG, who was rated next best to Bimelech last autumn, finally appeared at Aqueduct the other afternoon. He hasn't grown into the handsomest horse you've ever seen—rather, he's the light, durable type of animal that most sons of Cohort are—but he can run. He's been unlucky this spring. Just before he was to have started preparing seriously for the Kentucky Derby, he developed a slight ailment which laid him up. (Perhaps this was all for the best, since training for the Derby knocks out so many good horses.) After that, he ran into an iron fence at Belmont Park and narrowly escaped serious injury. He's quite all right now, although his leg was cut a little the other day in the race in which he finished third to Pictor and Call to Colors. His next start will be against Bimelech in the Yankee Handicap at Suffolk Downs on July 4th.

Arnold Hanger, who owns Roman Flag, has another top-class animal in He Did, who at seven grows better and better. In the Carter Handicap, He Did polished off such sprinters as Third Degree, T. M. Dorsett, Fighting Fox, and Whichcee, a big, rawboned fellow who has done most of his galloping in California. Just to keep the record straight, He Did hasn't been beaten in his four starts this season.

ONCE you reconcile yourself to the practice trainers have of running two-year-olds who are not completely in condition, as a sort of dress rehearsal, you'll find racing more fun. Early last week, Fitzsimmons started three such—Naval Reserve, Pat 'n Mike, and King Cole—in the same race. Naval Reserve finished third, and the others out of the money. Several days later, Pat 'n Mike beat Good Turn, whom Alfred Vanderbilt and almost everyone else had liked. King Cole, who may be something extra-special, won by eight lengths in another race the same afternoon.

IT'S a safe bet that there hasn't been more to-do over a sweepstakes in years than there was over the Astoria, which ended in a dead heat between Tangled and Key Ring, who was subsequently disqualified. The stewards decided that Robertson, who rode Key Ring, did more roughing than Arcaro, who was on Tangled. To me, it seemed the other way around. A few days earlier, Robertson had escaped being disqualified for crossing his field on Brown Slave because the race was declared official before the patrol judge, who saw the foul, could get back to make his report. However, the stewards still had time to fine Robertson $100.

THE Racing Commission has ordered all wagers refunded on any animal left at the post when the starting machine fails to operate. Diogenes Checkpoints adds that the management will not be responsible for any horse left in the stall gate more than thirty days. —AUDAX MINOR

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Knowledge, *see* Ignorance.—*From the index of "The Principles and Practice of Prize Law," by Viscount Tiverton.*

No, we'll stick to our guns.

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THAT WAS NEW YORK

MRS. BLOOMER'S PANTALOONS À LA TURK

THE NEW FEMALE COSTUME

[*From Gleason's Pictorial, June 14, 1851*]

EARLY in April, 1851, word from upstate reached New York City that Mrs. Amelia J. Bloomer of Seneca Falls had brazenly shown herself in a short dress and "trowsers." Mrs. Bloomer was editress of *The Lily*, a monthly journal for women, which advocated temperance, woman's rights, and general reform, combined with purity. The New York *Tribune* quoted the Syracuse *Standard*: "Several ladies appeared in the streets with dresses of a very *laconic* pattern, and pantaloons à la Turk. The new style looks decidedly tidy and neat, and imparts to the wearer quite a sprightly and youthful appearance." In the first days of May, great excitement was produced at Oswego Landing by two ladies in short Turkish dresses. Horace Greeley, the *Tribune's* forward-looking editor, judged that a revolution in female costume was undoubtedly in preparation. On May 6th, a wearer of the new dress was reported by the Auburn *Advertiser*. "She presented a fine appearance. . . . Her dress was decidedly rich, and made her appear more like a celestial being than one confined to earth. . . . We say, hurrah for the short dress and trowsers." And during the month, the reformed costume was noted by observers all the way from Lawrence, Massachusetts, to Milwaukee.

The advocates of Turkish styles attacked New York City cautiously, creeping up on the metropolis through its outskirts. A pantalooned scout was glimpsed on the streets of Stamford, Connecticut, and another in Newark. The Brooklyn *Eagle* of May 29th told of a threat from the southeast:

> Yesterday evening the idlers about the City Hall were agreeably surprised to observe a young lady, apparently in the bloom of her teens, and as beautiful as a boquet of roses, walk along Court Street; her limbs, which appeared symmetrical as the chiseled pedestals of a sculptured Venus, encased in a pair of yellow pantaloons, which displayed, peeping out from underneath, an ankle on which the closest scrutiny could discover no defect. She had on a short frock coat with rounded skirts and a neat little straw hat, sitting gracefully over a deluge of wavy curls. The young lawyers about these parts looked on approvingly, declaring such a dress well calculated to preserve the *constitution*.

The invasion of Manhattan began on June 5th, when a young lady appeared on Broadway in the new dress, arousing more curiosity than hostility. The editor of the *Tribune* saw the costume with his own eyes. He describes it as a short skirt, reaching a little below the knee, and wide Turkish trousers of plaid silk. The wearer attracted so much attention that she was forced to take refuge in a store until the crowd dwindled. "As we were going up Broadway at dusk," the editor continues, "we passed another specimen—a young lady, in a light dress of grayish color, made in the new style, walking with a gentleman. She appeared quite unembarrassed, and to our eyes her dress was picturesque and graceful."

Soon, however, the conservative spirit of the populace rallied against innovation. On June 26th, it was reported that a pantalooned lady, walking up the Bowery with a gentleman, was followed by such a jeering crowd that, near Houston Street, the pair took sanctuary in a milliner's shop, which was barred against the mob, while the police arrested two of the more violent critics. The lady and gentleman had clearly erred in venturing into the territory of those traditionalists, the "Bowery bhoys," who could brook no extravagance in dress. They themselves wore a high beaver hat with the nap divided and brushed in opposite directions, a gaudy silk neckcloth, a black frock coat, and full pantaloons turned up at the bottom. They were not idlers and gangsters but apprentices who had a reputation for being formidable fighters and mockers and improvisers of insulting doggerel.

In the churches the clergy fought the innovators in their own manner, belaboring the reformers with texts. They made great play with Deut. XXII, 5: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment: for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord thy God." They recalled that the Lord himself had designed the first fashions: "Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them" (Gen. III, 21). Mrs. Bloomer pertly answered that the text did not exclude the possibility of the Deity's designing bloomers.

Even the stage joined hands with the church to sustain the old against the new, and a farce entitled "The Bloomers, or Pets in Pants" was promptly produced. It was followed by a Bloomer Troupe of Minstrels, who performed at White's Melodeon; a Bloomer Parade at Barnum's Museum, and humorous playlets at other theatres.

Within two years the foes of the female trouser won their fight. The initiators of fashion turned to newer styles, while those who wore pantaloons out of principle concluded that their costume was a hindrance to the more important reform of woman's rights.

THE historian of the bloomer might justifiably begin his study of origins in the Garden of Eden, with the aprons, sometimes translated "breeches" ("*chagorah*" in the Hebrew), which Eve sewed of fig leaves. It would seem, however, that the reformers of 1851 were not inspired by our first parents. Perhaps some of these reformers had been stirred to dangerous dreams by the engravings of indolent trousered odalisques in Byron's voluptuous works. The horrid name of George Sand, shouted from pulpits as an example of French religious infidelity and moral looseness, evoked the picture of the authoress in turban, Turkish trousers, and *babouches*, smoking her narghile with Chopin. In France there was also the precedent of Hélène Marie Weber, a determined feminist and a writer of powerful essays demanding the emancipation of her sex. Though she was a practical farmer and went to market in man's attire with her produce, she told her American sisters with complacency that her clothes were made by the best Paris tailors.

Nevertheless, it is most likely that the inspiration for the American reform

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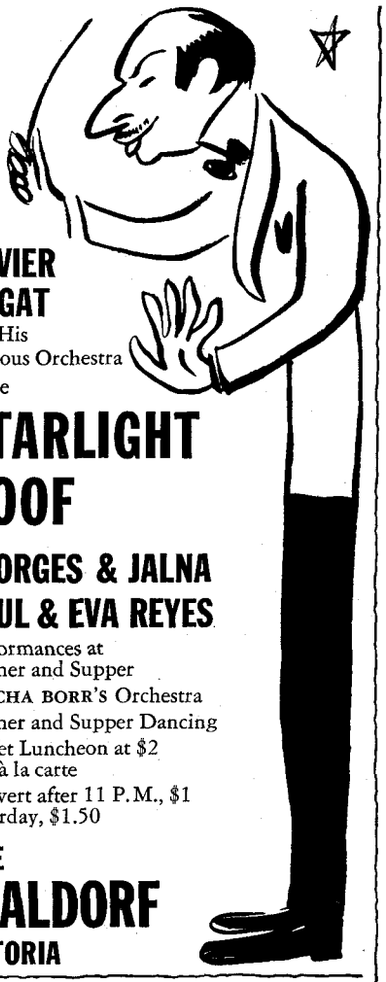
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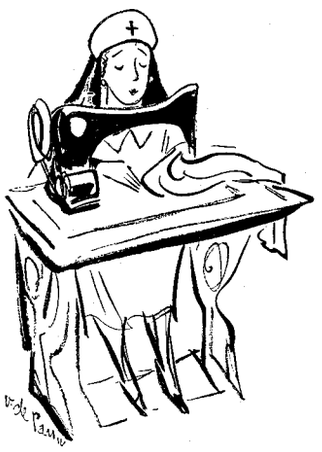
came less from foreign sources than from the simple pantalet, commonly worn by small American girls in the forties and fifties. Sensible women looked on the free and modest dress of their daughters, and envied and wondered.

They had good reason for envy. Fashion decreed the tiny waist, intolerable to busy and fecund women. Medical men spoke many a warning of the physical evils produced by tight lacing. From padded hips were hung layer after layer of petticoat and a silk skirt, lapped, pleated, and folded, of appalling weight. The female form, from the waist down, resembled an inverted artichoke.

About 1850 fashion invented a new cruelty, the trailing skirt. "Street-sweeper," it was nicknamed; the director of the London Crystal Palace affirmed that he employed his lady visitors to clean his floors. The style might pass in London and Paris, but in slovenly New York and the American village it was a comical calamity. Fine ladies on their way to church caught papers, refuse, and cigar butts in their wake, kept them in play for a few yards, and discharged them inopportunely. Most women, poor creatures, complained and submitted. There were many, however, who were in no mood for submission.

The question of women's wrongs and rights was then a subject of hot debate. Their wrongs, legal, economic, and social, were very real. Married women were wards in law and could not own property separately or claim guardianship of their own children. They could not make contracts, sue or be sued, claim wages earned, or collect for damages done their persons or characters. Such distressing cases were cited as that of the Massachusetts gentleman who married an heiress with fifty thousand dollars. He died within a year and left his widow, by will, her own fifty thousand dollars on condition that she should not marry again. No professions were open to women except elementary teaching, and no trades except sewing and household work. No medical or professional schools admitted females, and no colleges except Oberlin, which high-mindedly accepted women and Negroes. Gentlemen boasted of American chivalry, but their chivalry was mingled with a scornful superiority which sometimes used a horsewhip as a corrective. The ladies asked for less chivalry and more justice.



As might have been expected, reform began in that curious strip of country across northern New York State where the spirit burned with a brighter flame than elsewhere. This was the holy land of abolition, prohibition, socialistic and communistic experiment, spiritualism, and a dozen novel religions, of which Mormonism is the greatest example. The fiery tempest of revivalism here scorched so many souls that the region was called "the burnt district." Curiously enough, the limits of this ardent land coincide roughly with the Goitre Belt. Iodine has brought it health and has perhaps put an end to visions. The burnt district now votes the straight Republican ticket.

IN the hyperthyroid village of Seneca Falls lived a group of remarkable women, of whom Elizabeth Cady Stanton was the most remarkable. A sympathetic conversation between Mrs. Stanton and Lucretia Mott of Philadelphia, who was visiting in nearby Waterloo, resulted in the first Woman's Rights Convention, held in Seneca Falls on July 19, 1848. Susan B. Anthony of Rochester was soon a convert, and other apostles of the movement also received their consecration.

Among them was Mrs. Amelia J. Bloomer, deputy postmistress of Seneca Falls and editress of *The Lily*, which she had begun as a woman's temperance magazine and had converted into the leading journal of feminism in America. Mrs. Bloomer was not the discoverer of the bloomer. She gave the dress its notoriety, and the world gave it her name, but the glory of first wearing the American trouser belongs to Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller.

Mrs. Miller was a cousin of Elizabeth Cady Stanton and the daughter of Gerrit Smith, eminent abolitionist and miscellaneous reformer of Peterboro, New York. It was apparently in the late autumn of 1850 that this memorable woman sheared her flowing train and bifurcated her petticoat. Mrs. Stanton recorded her cousin's visit to Seneca Falls and wrote that Mrs. Miller was "dressed somewhat in the Turkish style—short skirt, full trousers of black broadcloth, a Spanish cloak, of the same material, reaching to the knee; beaver hat and

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feathers and dark furs; altogether a most becoming costume and exceedingly convenient for walking in all kinds of weather. To see my cousin, with a lamp in one hand and a baby in the other, walk upstairs with ease and grace, while, with flowing robes, I pulled myself up with difficulty, lamp and baby out of the question, readily convinced me that there was sore need of reform in woman's dress, and I promptly donned a similar attire. What incredible freedom I enjoyed for two years!"

Was the inspiration for the new costume Mrs. Miller's own? I suspect that the idea, if not the design, was that of her father, Gerrit Smith, that steady geyser of reform. At any rate, Mrs. Miller was the first and most constant of the trousered ladies. She wore the costume for seven years, during which her father served a term in Congress. She attended the most fashionable Washington dinners and receptions in her reformed dress, but she seems to have abandoned it when she settled with her husband in Geneva, New York, where the memory of her brilliant mind and warm heart is still cherished. She did not tell her Geneva friends of her bloomered days, or if she did, her friends have forgotten.

The example of Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Stanton was soon followed by Mrs. Bloomer. In March, 1851, she appeared in the new costume on the streets of Seneca Falls, a village blasé toward marvels. The reform was announced in the April number of *The Lily*.

Daring, discontented, uncomfortable women welcomed the bloomer with joy. The circulation of *The Lily* boomed; its editorial office bulged with requests for patterns. Corset-sore subscribers heeded gladly Mrs. Stanton's command:

> We propose no particular costume; we say to you, at your firesides, ladies, unhook your dresses, and let everything hang loosely about you; now take a long breath, swell out as far as you can, and at that point fasten your clothes. Now please cut off those flowing skirts to your knees, and put on a pair of loose trousers buttoned about your ankle. Let us raze and correct our garments, until they assume their proper place; all standing out of the way of the full and perfect development of the woman.

Country women were particularly grateful. My own grandmother, a girl on a farm near Penn Yan, secretly made herself a bloomer dress and flaunted it before her shouting menfolk. It was wonderful for milking.

The costume at its worst was lacking in chic. Mrs. Stanton confesses that the reformers might better have taken as a model the flying folds of Diana the Huntress. Nevertheless, the ensem-

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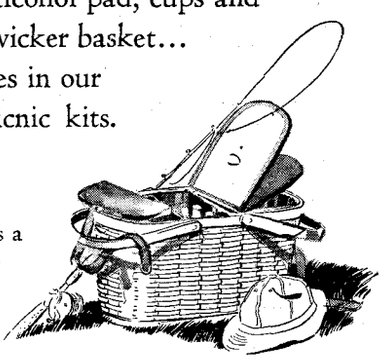
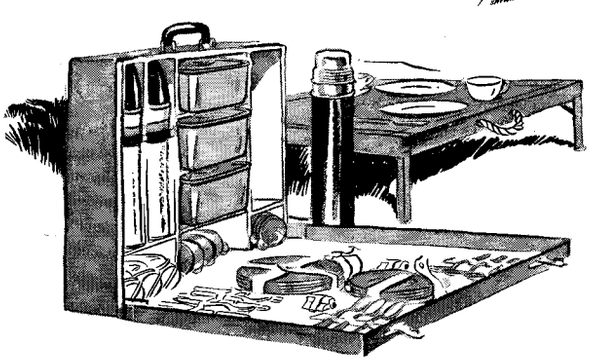
British Tea-Toter

It makes you remember Henley and the punts drifting down the Thames...this English lunch and tea basket of ours. Tea kettle, sandwich box, alcohol pad, cups and all the rest settled snugly into a wicker basket... to make only one of the pleasures in our better-than-ever collection of picnic kits. Tea-Toter, complete, $22.50.



Pack in the pop and ale! This basket has a zinc-lined compartment for lots of ice to keep the drinks and foods cool in the other section, $13.



The only picnic kit that keeps bottles upright when it's open. A&F's own brain wave. Complete service for six, $39.50. Also a beach table, two feet square, that carries like a suitcase, $2.50.

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ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

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Pickles Put Punch In Parties!

Try These "Plate-Specials" Dressed Up—In Looks And Taste—With Old-Fashioned Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle

WITH all your summer entertaining—picnics, porch suppers, "feeds" at the outdoor grill—you can't get along without a jar of Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle. These piquant slices are made from an old-time recipe with Heinz Vinegar and racy spices. They'll add color and tang to plate-suppers, sandwiches, canapé trays. Ask for Heinz Cucumber Pickle—in the big "57" jar!

PORCH-PARTY. Arrange on individual plate: hot open cheese and bacon sandwiches; potato straws; pickle slaw made by adding 1 cup shredded carrots, and ⅓ cup chopped Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle to 2 cups shredded cabbage. Moisten with Heinz Mayonnaise. Serve in lettuce cups with pickle garnish.

GATHER ROUND THE OUTDOOR GRILL—Serve shish kebabs made by marinating 1¼-inch cubes of lamb in garlic-flavored French Dressing several hours. String on skewers or forked sticks. Broil. Serve with lots of Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle and Heinz Cooked Macaroni (heated.)

WHEN YOU ATTEND the New York World's Fair, H. J. Heinz Co. cordially invites you to visit the Heinz Dome with its beautiful display walls and sampling booths.

HEINZ *Fresh Cucumber Pickle*

FROM AN OLD-FASHIONED RECIPE

ble at its best could be rich and elegant. When Mrs. Bloomer addressed a meeting in New York in 1853, the *Tribune* described her as wearing a dark-brown changeable tunic and a kilt descending just below the knees, the skirt of which was trimmed with black velvet. Her pantaloons were of the same texture and trimmed in the same style. She wore gaiters. Her headdress was cherry and black. Her dress had a large open corsage, with bands of velvet over the white chemisette, in which was a diamond stud pin. She wore flowing sleeves, tight undersleeves, and black lace mitts.

The only serious criticism which the reformers made of their own reform was that the light skirt, or kilt, was insufficiently ballasted. Mrs. Bloomer herself admitted, "The high winds played sad work with short skirts when I went out, and I was greatly annoyed and mortified by having my skirts turned over my head and shoulders on the streets."

THE bloomer, launched as a symbol of woman's right to reasonable comfort, gained at first because it connoted reform. The emancipated adopted the emancipated dress as a matter of course. They fancied that they were cutting off all ancient prejudices with their flounced trains. On the other hand, many tender females were repelled by the popular identification of bloomerism with radicalism. The extremists among the woman's-righters lent themselves, indeed, to ridicule. Such was Elizabeth Denton of Boston, the leader of the Female Seers, who taught that woman is of the nature of the cherub and the seraph while man's nature is that of the stallion and the dog. Such was Eliza Farnham of Staten Island, the female warden of Sing Sing, who in a curious volume proved by physiology the superiority of woman to man. "Woman's bust has a nobler contour, her bosom a finer swell." She also rebutted Darwin's statement that male rudimentary mammae are vestigial remnants; rather, she contended, the mammae are young buds of the future, promising that man shall flower, ages hence, in feminine perfection.

The soberer members of the woman's party found such enthusiasts compromising to their cause. They were embarrassed also by the fact that male sympathizers with the movement wore, as a badge and banner, the shawl. They found that their bloomer dress, sensible though it was, distracted the attention of audiences from the serious business at issue. To the most weighty of

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arguments, the opposition replied only, "Men, women, and bloomers! Faugh! Bah!"

The reformers persisted, nonetheless. They were heartened by the news that their fashion had caught on in England. The London *Guardian* reported, on August 13, 1851:

Two ladies were to be seen promenading Oxford Street on Saturday afternoon, attired in the Bloomer costume, and escorted by a crowd of ragged urchins and a number of the curious of both sexes. They were said to be mother and daughter, of the name of Jeffers, recently arrived in the metropolis to attend the vegetarian soirée. The ladies were attired in black satin *visites* and an inner tunic reaching a little below the waist; the inner garment being loose pink-striped pantaloons, fastened round the leg a little above the ankle; the headdress was of the usual kind worn by females. The mob at last got troublesome, and the ladies entered a cab, and were driven off, amidst shouts of laughter.

A Mrs. Dexter adopted the reform in England—an unfortunate sponsor, for, said the *Guardian*, "She is connected with the Socialists, and is well known to such reporters as have occasion to enter the vile dens of infidelity in the metropolis." She announced a lecture in costume but took fright at the disorderly audience and disappeared, together with the ticket-seller and the gate money. A Bloomer Ball was held in Hanover Square; some six or seven hundred men and twenty-five women attended. "The ladies did not compose the élite of the casinos," said the ungallant *Guardian*. "The less that is said either of themselves or their dresses the better. . . . The whole tone and style of the thing smacked unmistakably of Vauxhall on a cheap night. . . . A battle royal raged in the supper room with pieces of bread and orange and jelly."

Punch fell upon the new style with gouty rage. At least two farces on the theme were produced. They are chiefly amusing today for their comical avoidance of the wicked word "trouser." "Would you believe it, ma'am, she actually wears the [pointing to her legs] the—the—thingummys, ma'am; and though her name's Porter, her dress is half-and-half." "No, ma'am, I'll stick

HOW WE SAVED
Pandora's Life
by Westinghouse

• *If you have been* one of the millions of visitors to the New York World's Fair you, of course, know that Pandora is the name of the cute Panda playing such a star role at the Exposition.

• *Spectators who crowd* around her cage these days little realize that if it hadn't been for the quick action and resourcefulness of our air conditioning engineers they might never have seen this rare animal that was brought all the way from the Himalayan Mountains.

• *While recognizing* that there was quite a bit of difference between the climate of Pandora's home land and that of Flushing Meadows, those in charge hoped that she would be able to adjust herself to the change. But she just couldn't.

• *What happened was* that she refused to eat or perform; and it became quite evident that she would probably die unless something was done about the weather in a hurry.

• *With* no time to lose, our air conditioning engineers were called in and asked to duplicate the cool, stimulating climate of Pandora's native habitat. So well did they succeed that immediately she started to perk up, and in no time was her playful self, keeping the crowd in uproars with her antics.

• *This is just one* of the hundreds of air conditioning problems that have been put up to our engineers. Generally, when a person thinks of air conditioning he thinks of it in terms of making a home more comfortable, or of seeking escape from summer heat in a restaurant, store or theater.

• *And yet* beyond these now commonly accepted uses you'd be surprised to learn what a varied role our air conditioning is playing in industry.

• *Taking just* a few examples at random, we are reminded of the way our equipment helped a pharmaceutical house to step up the manufacture of pills and tablets; of how we aided another laboratory to hasten the cooling of creams and salves for quicker packing. Or take rayon, for example—its manufacture would be almost impossible if it were not for the part air conditioning plays in the drying of the fibres. Air travel, too, is a lot safer because flying instruments are now calibrated more accurately in air conditioned rooms.

• *Naturally,* to produce air conditioning for such a wide variety of applications requires engineering skill of the highest order, plus a range of equipment which extends in our case from a small self contained home unit to a 100 ton compressor.

• *With such equipment* now available, air conditioning is rapidly fulfilling its promise of becoming one of America's leading industries.

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SI, SENOR! Like the difference between a tropical cruise and a boat ride!

Make your next *Daiquiri, Old-Fashioned, Collins, Highball,* or *Cuba Libre* with Bacardi, the world's finest rum—and taste the wonderful difference!

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BACARDI

89 PROOF

The world's finest RUM

Distributed by Schenley Import Corp. N.Y.C. Copr. 1940

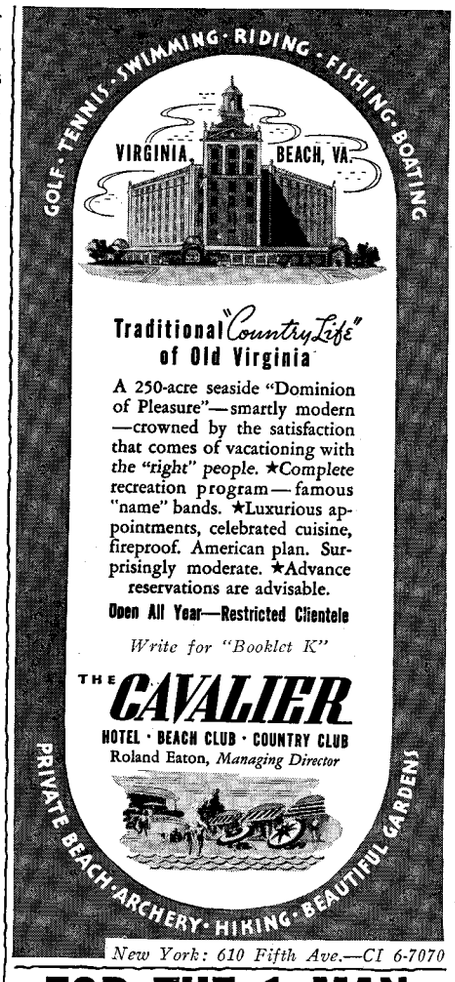
to my native petticoats, and never wear the tr——, I mean, the mustn't-mention-'ems." The word "trouser" was more freely uttered in America than in England, as an observant Englishman noted in 1858. He recorded, on the other hand, that no genteel American lady would ask for the "breast" or the "leg" of a chicken. She was trained to the strange circumlocutions of "white meat" and "dark meat."

IN the two hemispheres the bloomer began to drown in ridicule. The comics made their inevitable jokes. The churches uttered their anathemas. Hardest to bear, perhaps, was the journalist's air of humorous, fatherly superiority. Thus spoke a writer in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*:

Had this sacred veil, so long the chosen tabernacle of the well-turned ankle and the lithe and graceful limb, gone up by degrees and modestly slow; nay, had the outer veil alone of the *sanctum sanctorum* been seized with an upward tendency, thereby displaying to public view only those elaborate and nameless embroideries which have been like desert-roses unseen by the eye of man, save when they tripped daintily across a stream, or were dexterously fillipped over a puddle, we might restrain our indignation and repress our frowns: but alas! the outer veil and the "eleven inner veils" are all aspiring! all ascending!... Now we await, with fear and trembling, the "Excelsior!," the yet higher in ascent and the shorter in skirt, till at last woman, lovely woman, shorn of her glorious plumage, the silk, the satin, and the challé, fobbed of frill, furbelow, and flounce, shall stand confessed! perfection pantalooned! stiff as a lightning-rod, and awkward as little Johnny Sprouts in his first go-to-meeting swallow-tail!

Under such onslaughts the bloomer fled. It took refuge, naturally enough, in the communities and conventicles of reform. It was commonly worn in Modern Times, Long Island. In the North American Phalanx, near Red Bank, New Jersey, the prettiest girls were chosen for waitresses and wore knee-length kilts and trousers, and, about their heads, wreaths of leaves. According to visitors, they looked very elegant. In Father Noyes' Oneida Community a similar uniform was prescribed. The strong-minded ladies of Berlin Heights, a free-love colony near Cleveland, indicated their freedom by their dress. Artemus Ward, who amused our forefathers, thus describes his visit to the colony:

The wimin was wuss than the men. They wore trowsis, short gownds, straw hats with green ribbins, and all carried bloo cotton umbrellers. Presently a perfeckly orful lookin female presented herself at the door. Her gownd was skander-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A Special Shave Cream—It's Not a Soap, Needs No Brush!

Daily shaving leaves many men's faces raw, sensitive. This is especially true of the man who, because of his business and social status, must shave every day.

To meet this condition Williams, for 100 years makers of fine shaving preparations, has now developed GLIDER—a special cream for daily shavers. With *no* soap base, it's a complete departure from ordinary shave creams. No brush. No lather. Not sticky or greasy.

A superabundance of moisture in this rich cream softens each whisker, yet forms a protective layer over your face to keep blade from scraping. Swiftly, gently your razor glides over your skin. Like a cold cream, Glider helps smooth, soften your skin and prevent chapping and roughness.

FREE—tube of Glider. Send name, address today. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. AG-13, Glastonbury, Conn.

Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only

In Albany, N.Y. STOP at the DE WITT CLINTON a KNOTT HOTEL They all speak well of it

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lusly short and her trowsis was shameful to behold.

One bold woman continued to flaunt her pantaloons before the great world. Dr. Mary Walker of Oswego and Washington, first lieutenant in the Medical Corps of the Union Army, wore them by the authority of a special Act of Congress. Her misadventures, her frequent arrests as she entered ladies' retiring rooms, would have disheartened a less courageous woman.

The bloomer, in fact, never entirely died. It led a furtive existence in sanitariums and the gymnasiums of girls' schools. When, in the late eighties, the safety bicycle came wavering down our streets, the bloomer reappeared in glory, a symbol of woman set free, bestriding the machine of the new age.

And today the humorous, fantastic fears of 1850 are realized. Mrs. Bloomer's name is immortalized in English speech. The thingummies, the mustn't-mention-'ems, have become commonplaces and in their turn have aspired and ascended. Woman, lovely woman, stands confessed. —Morris Bishop

•

PAIN IN THE EAR

Historic battles long ago
Were fought without the radio,
Which is no reason we should pity
Dwellers in ancient land or city.

No listening Romans tensely massed
Heard Caesar cry, "The die is cast!"
Or shook with fright when at the front
He found how brave the "*Belgae sunt.*"
Greeks did not suffer shocks and chills,
Slap the baby, spill the pills
Because up at Thermopylae
Feeling was running pretty high.
And, later on, no soup got cold
While diners waited to be told
Just where Napoleon's mobile forces
Were pushing on like Trojan horses.
Sedan and Balaklava's morn
Knew neither Swing nor Kaltenborn.

Oh no, those news events got round
Without the benefit of sound,
And citizens on this turning ball
Were not, like us, informed of all,
Who, hearing dark events that shake it,
Are less and less prepared to take it.
—Hortense Flexner

•

Fome husband of Noma Talmadge and pesident of the Association of Pictue Poduces, Schenck is one of the top powes in filmdom.—*The Journal & American.*

Maybe so, but you needn't talk baby talk to *us.*

100% WORSTED GABARDINE

The unbelievably cool material illustrated combines the good wearing qualities of Tropical Worsted with the goodlooking appearance of Gabardine. It is a lightweight, breezy, porous cloth woven with a fine twilled finish. Two-piece suits of this material in tan, brown, or navy blue, begin Brooks Brothers' Tropical price range at $32...domestic tropical worsteds in stripes and plain colors carry on through the 40's and 50's... and fine imported worsteds continue on up to $85.

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IMPERIAL THEA. W. 45th ST. MATS. SAT. & JULY 4

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46 ST. THEA., W. of B'way. CI. 6-6075 | Air-Conditioned
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"★★★★"—BURNS MANTLE, News
ALFRED LUNT • LYNN FONTANNE
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"THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT"
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SAM H. HARRIS presents
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"A PERFECT COMEDY"
—ATKINSON, Times
LIFE WITH FATHER
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THE MALE ANIMAL
with ELLIOTT NUGENT
"Most hilarious Comedy of the season"
Watts, Herald Tribune
By James Thurber and Elliott Nugent
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"Tom Brown's School Days"
Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Freddie Bartholomew
Jimmy Lydon, Josephine Hutchinson, Billy Halop
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MARGARET SULLAVAN • JAMES STEWART
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"THE MORTAL STORM"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 22 (BY CABLE)

ON Monday, June 17th—the tragic day on which Britain lost the ally with whom she had expected to fight to the bitter end—London was as quiet as a village. You could have heard a pin drop in the curious, watchful hush. At places where normally there is a noisy bustle of comings and goings, such as the big railway stations, there was the same extraordinary preoccupied silence. People stood about reading the papers; when a man finished one, he would hand it over to anybody who hadn't been lucky enough to get a copy, and walk soberly away.

For once the cheerful cockney comeback of the average Londoner simply wasn't there. The boy who sold you the fateful paper did it in silence; the bus conductor punched your ticket in silence. The public seemed to react to the staggering news like people in a dream, who go through the most fantastic actions without a sound. There was little discussion of events because they were too bad for that. With the house next door well ablaze and the flames coming closer, it was no time to discuss who or what was the cause and whether more valuables couldn't have been saved from the conflagration.

Similarly, people were more reassured by the half-dozen sentences which the Prime Minister barked into the microphone that Monday evening than they would have been by any lengthy, prepared oration. Mr. Churchill's statement the next day was less stirring than sensible—a carefully reasoned balance sheet of the chances for a British victory, well suited to the grimly sane public mood.

TUESDAY afternoon the newspaper-sellers were chalking "French Army Still Fighting" on their signs, to which one or two had added "Vive la France!" In the almost deserted residential streets, cars full of luggage and people moved away from newly shuttered houses and turned into the traffic going toward the big roads out of London. Oxford Street crowds were buying strawberries from hawkers who handed out their usual hoarse philosophy to the customers.

Few people remembered that Tuesday was the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, another occasion when disaster trod very close on the heels of this country, and when it seemed impossible that the British squares could stand up to the assault of the greatest military machine in the world, led by the greatest commander. "Hard pounding, this, gentlemen," said Wellington to his staff at one stage of that battle. "Let's see who will pound the longest." "Don't worry, lidy," one of the strawberry-barrow proprietors said on Tuesday to a stout and apprehensive matron, "'e'll find us an 'ard nut to crack and no mistike."

IT'S possible that the anniversary of Waterloo was celebrated unconsciously this year, after all. The determination to keep pounding the longest is the only thing that people have been able to see clearly in the past dark and bewildering week. News from France has been scarce. Rumors about the French Navy and Air Force continue to get around, and every other person claims to have seen a strange-looking squadron flying with Gallic lack of formation in the direction of some British air field.

It would be difficult for an impartial observer to decide today whether the British are the bravest or merely the most stupid people in the world. The way they are acting in the present situation could be used to support either claim. The individual Englishman seems to be singularly unimpressed by the fact that there is now nothing between him and the undivided attention of a war machine such as the world has never seen before. Possibly it's lack of imagination; possibly again it's the same species of dogged resolution which occasionally produces an epic like Dunkerque. Millions of British families, sitting at their well-stocked breakfast tables eating excellent British eggs and bacon, can still talk calmly of the horrors across the Channel, perhaps without fully comprehending even now that anything like that could ever happen in England's green and pleasant land.

The authorities are certainly doing their best to drive the idea that it could deeply into the public consciousness. From now on, ringing of church bells for any reason except to warn of approaching invaders will be forbidden—a nice throwback to Napoleonic England which fits in well with squires watching the skies from the hill tops and peasants cleaning old shotguns in the villages. A movement to provide parashots with hand grenades is afoot, sponsored by Beaverbrook's *Express*, which manufac-

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tured the slogan, "A hand-grenade dump by each village pump" and opened a whole new vista of horrible possibilities by insisting that every schoolboy who could throw a cricket ball was perfectly capable of throwing a grenade.

One morning this week, postmen slipped official pamphlets in with the mail, telling householders just what to do if Britain is invaded. Official advice is to stay at home unless told by the proper authorities to leave, "because, if you run away, you will be machine-gunned from the air, as were civilians in Holland and Belgium." People were also warned not to believe rumors, not to supply any German with food, petrol, or maps, and to overcome their natural inclination to mind their own business sufficiently to go to the police if they see anything at all suspicious.

APART from the Prime Minister's statement that the bulk of the new B. E. F. contingents had been withdrawn safely from France, the best news of the week for most people was the appointment of Mr. Stimson and Colonel Knox to President Roosevelt's Cabinet. Although the irrepressible British love of a joke, even in the most desperate situation, led the irreverent to christen the refugee ship Washington the S.S. Gone With the Wind Up, the majority of Britons hope and believe that before long there will be many more ships making the crossing—this time from west to east. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Siedler of 635 Eddy road will celebrate their golden wedding anniversary Saturday, their courtship, wedding and entire married life having been spent in Cleveland.

Mr. Siedler, 73, was born in Honesdale, Pa. Mrs. Siedler, 68, was born in Wales and came here when a small girl. Their son, W. L. Siedler, lives at 9111 Marshall avenue.

In Burma, the lot of the married woman is an extraordinary one. While her husband is not permitted by law to have more than one wife, he can have as many mistresses as he chooses—and they live in the same house with the lawful mate and are her servants.—*Cleveland Press.*

In Cleveland, on the other hand . . .

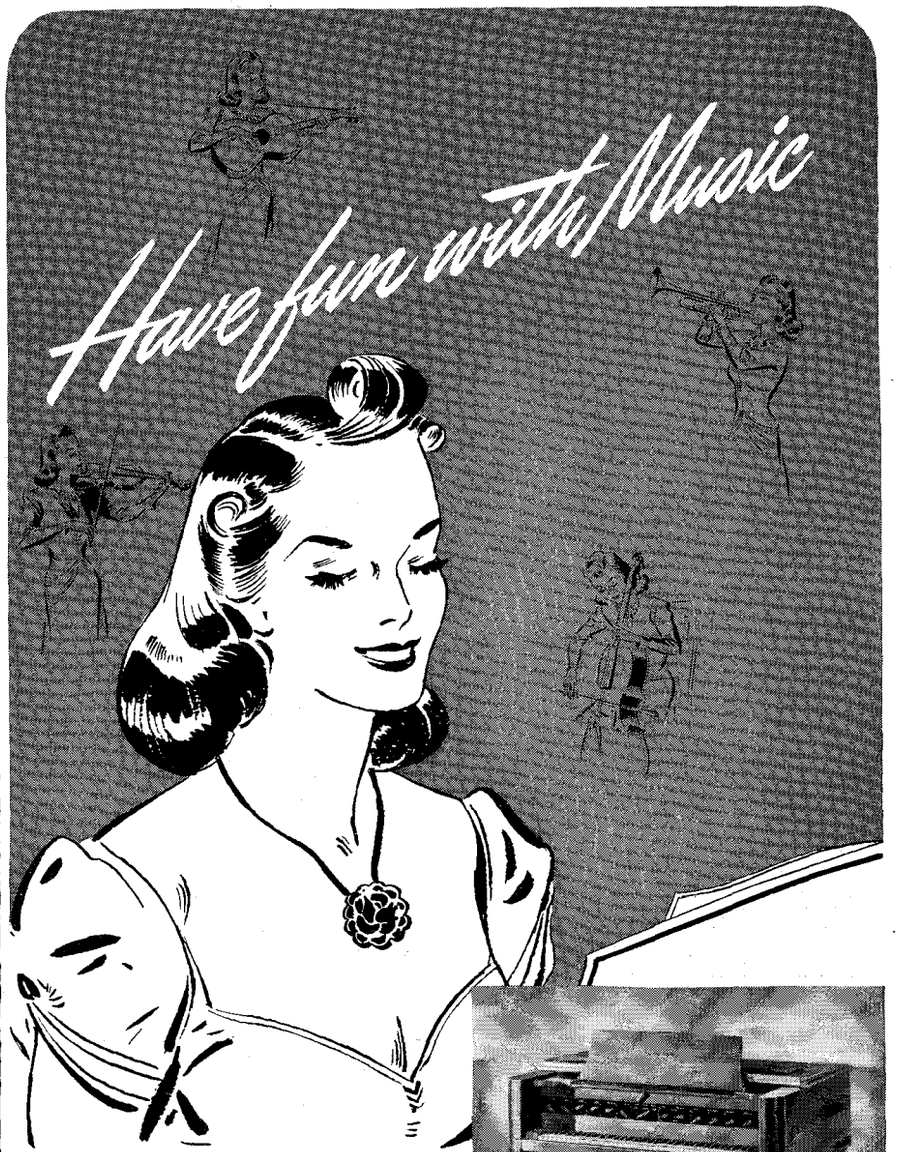
•

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Keene (N. H.) Evening Sentinel*]

After lunch the party went to the bridge tables, where they played for two hours.

When the scores were tabulated, it was found that some had done better than others.



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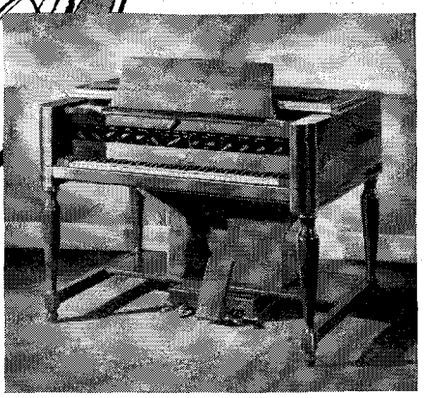

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

TRAIPSING through those Colonial reconstructions down in Williamsburg, Virginia, I came upon a portrait of Queen Charlotte of England, who, if my guide knew what he was talking about, must have been an extraordinary woman. It appears that back in the eighteenth century, the Queen hit upon a style of dress which seemed to her so right that she stuck to it for ten years. The incredible thing, though, was that her subjects, not only at home but in the American colonies, were happy to string along with her all that time, wearing dresses like those of Her Majesty year in and year out. Well, all right, that's the way the story goes, but I have a good hunch that those docile ladies just didn't know any better and that they'd have risen in revolt had they been tempted by such novelties as our designers snag us with at every turn.

I think, for example, they'd have had a hard time keeping their minds on the Queen's taste if they could have seen the new mirror prints at Altman. These don't reflect images, as you might expect, but have a small all-over design of handwriting reversed so that it can be read straightforward only when held before a mirror. The inscription, appropriately, is a verse from "Through the Looking-Glass." One print appears in ensembles (blouse $5, skirt $6.50, and matching turban $3.95) of a rayon fabric suggesting tie silk, with white writing on what they call summer neutrals —black, gray, and beige, and so on. You'll have no trouble finding the right accessories to match these things before going out to confound the multitudes with your puzzling scrawls. Bearing in mind that women want to be comfortable when they have to come into the city during the summer, Altman also has a group of dresses called Cottons in Town. Among these are one-piece affairs of plaid gingham with below-elbow sleeves, skirts pleated (the pleats are stitched down around the hips), and belts of solid colors blending with the background of the plaid. If you stick to the old maxim that dark colors are the best for town, you might look at the Altman gingham that buttons all the way down from a plain, round neck and has a drawstring waist and full skirt. It's $10.95, and you can get it in red or royal blue with a white check or black-and-white checked.

Turning to the woman who plans to spend the summer lounging in the country, Altman has assembled a group of play clothes designed and made in California just for this store out of something called Koat-A-Kool, which is really just rep. When I saw these outfits, they had just been unpacked and were not the least wrinkled. There are some very English slacks which, since women can't ever seem to remember that trousers must always be pressed, have one tiny stitched pleat down the front and back of each leg, giving the effect of a crease. The coat, with self-stitching and four pockets, and a circular skirt work out well as a suit, and the coat by itself may take the place of your odd jacket. It also comes in a more casual cardigan type. All these can be had in chamois yellow, light blue, pink, or white, but the prize is bamboo, which makes a neat ensemble besides combining well with other bits of your wardrobe. They can even supply you with a rayon jersey shirt in bamboo, if you insist. For extreme practicality, this store shows some striped seersucker play clothes—good, long-tailed shirts, well-made shorts, and one- and two-piece dresses with kick pleats and tailored jackets; $3.95 to $9.95. Cotton tricolor belts go with these, so life won't seem a mere succession of gray and white stripes.

You'll like the long princesse coat of a beach-sitting ensemble. It's in a light shade of cocoa terry cloth, trimmed with turquoise ditto and tightly fitted at the

"Did I ever tell you what happened to a friend of mine once?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

waist; a turquoise scarf and revers put it away above the usual class of beach coats. If you want to look well-thought-out, you'll like the rest of this outfit, too —a bulky cocoa windbreaker, laced down the front with turquoise terry and fitting over the waistband of turquoise terry shorts, which makes you look slim-hipped indeed.

YOU might think that Peck & Peck, after all the years they've been in business, would begin to run dry of ideas, but no. They are now pointing with justified pride to their new tennis dress, designed, they say, for "real" players. I hope they realize what a comfort it is to dubs as well. It's a sleeveless, one-piece, white piqué garment that buttons all the way down, with double thickness at the top (so you don't need a brassière) and pants that don't bulge built in under the skirt. The fullness is gathered front and back, so the sides of the skirt are flat and don't interfere with your ground strokes. A box pleat in the back of the waist gives even more freedom of action. Only $7.95, at that.

Having solved the tennis problem, this shop has produced a golf dress with a type of sleeve that allows for stretch in the back. This is accomplished by a deep, rounded fold that expands when you swing. There's a large zippered "caddie" pocket low on the right side of the skirt in front to carry tees, change, cigarettes, and those odd bits that are always falling out of your upstairs pocket when you bend over. You can have this comfortable dress in either chambray or heavy Celanese crêpe.

That natural-color Teddy-bear coat, which looks and feels warm and bulky but is little heavier to carry than a sweater, made such an all-occasion hit in Palm Beach last winter that a summer version now appears, with a plaid gingham lining and binding. It's $29.95. There are a matching kilted gingham skirt and a foolish, round, back-of-the-head hat with two long streamers. —C. W.

AS TO MEN

From Now Till Fall

ALTHOUGH it's nothing to get alarmed about, there's been some intramural thievery going on between the designers of men's and women's clothes. Young ladies are appearing in copies of men's straw hats and some of the shops are wistfully suggesting that men buy oxfords with wedge soles similar to those which women clop around in. I wouldn't know to what dangerous

First Aid
TO HANDS THAT STEAL HEARTS

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Beachcomber
MANICURE KIT

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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♥ PIRATE RED *rich mahogany red*
♥ RED SAND *luscious brown red*
♥ SAIL RED *sparkling true red*

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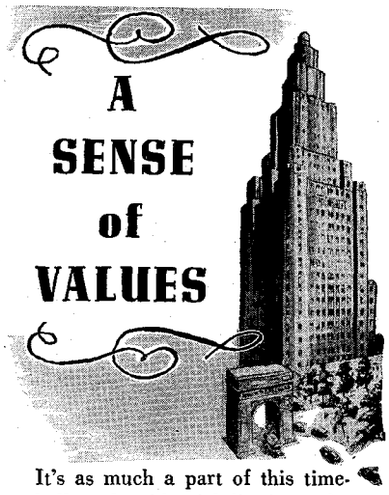

It's as much a part of this time-hallowed residential district as the repose and quiet dignity that characterize these town apartments of 2 and 3 rooms with 28′ living rooms, 17′ gallery foyers, complete serving pantries with refrigeration. Matchless hotel service. Furnished or unfurnished arrangements. Transient or lease.

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ROBERT THORMANN, Mgr.

extremes women may carry this exchange of fashions, but I feel safe in saying that men will have little or no part of it and their demand for wedge soles is going to be decidedly limited. Fortunately, in addition to such silliness, the season has produced a number of sane and practical innovations which you'd do well to consider before going off to the country.

Take washable suits, for instance. Saks-Fifth Avenue, not content with the already surprising variety of materials in which these can be made, have brought out some in a West Indian cotton called Spanish linen, whose smooth texture suggests madras. A single-breasted suit of this in a dark-gray shade looks very much like, but is of even lighter weight than, a conservative tropical worsted; $13.50. Then there's Russian cord, a ribbed cotton material which, despite its summery appearance, is substantial enough to hang in firm lines. Also new, although not washable, are some suits which Brooks Brothers are showing. They're made of a thin cotton worsted which looks very much like gabardine and has the advantage of being lighter in weight. These come in two models—one tan and double-breasted, the other tan or dark brown and single-breasted; $32 either way.

There are bound to be cool days ahead when you'll be glad you took along a pair of medium-weight flannel trousers, and if you need an extra pair this year, I suggest that you look at some Tripler is offering in a biscuit-brown shade. I've seen a couple of good sleeveless sweaters that would go well with these: one, at Lord & Taylor, is vertically striped with wide bars of light gray and yellow; the other, at Albert Leonard George, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), is made of red-and-blue wool and imported from Scotland. As for slacks, I came across some excellent ones during my visit to Saks. They're made of light worsted and are offered in any number of shades, both light and dark.

Among the better hats I've seen this season is a trim Panama which Knox is showing at 452 Fifth Avenue (40th). It has a brim that looks well whether worn up all around, down all around, or up in back and down in front, and they'll change the stock black band for a gayer one if you want; it's $20. Cavanagh, at 247 Park Avenue (47th), has a leghorn made of a somewhat darker straw than most such natural-shade hats—a distinguished touch, I think. Rogers Peet, for one, can show you the Dobbs Cross Country, one of those serviceable lightweight felts which men who don't like to motor bareheaded in an open car regard so highly.

WANDERING about the shops, I got the impression we're going to see a lot of the new snug-fitting, beltless swimming trunks on the beaches this summer; they seem to be everywhere. Among those I especially admired were some high-waisted ribbed ones at Sulka, 661 Fifth Avenue (52nd). They're made of knit elastic yarn with ribs of one color and the spaces between of another—maroon and gray and brown and beige are a couple of the combinations; $8.50. Lower-waisted models are made of wool and Lastex and come in white, navy blue, royal blue, maroon, and canary yellow; $4. Tripler shows similar trunks in a maroon wool that has a decorative cable stitch. For the man who would just as soon wear a belt and doesn't want his trunks clinging too tightly, Macy's Sun Shop (which, by the way, is usually less crowded than other parts of the store) offers well-tailored trunks of lightweight gabardine in solid shades of gray and brown. More colorful, but not too gay, are Brooks' India madras swimming shorts with varying tones of purple giving the effect of a plaid. Here, also, you'll find a short-sleeved cotton sweater, with effective cable stitching, designed for lounging on the beach before or after your swim.

SINCE there's not going to be much foreign travel this year, we're hearing more than usual about dude ranching. H. Kauffman & Sons, at 139 East 24th Street, are ready to make you feel quite at home in the Rockies by supplying riding clothes cut along lines fancied by the natives. These clothes include trousers which are snug at the hips and loose enough below the knees so that they can be worn outside cowboy boots while you're on the ground (you tuck them inside, of course, when you're riding). These start at $3.95.

WONDERS OF SCIENCE ITEM: Bloomingdale and McCreery, among others, have the new glass-fibre neckties, which look like stiff silk cravats gone just a bit gaudy. Stains wash right off, hot cigarette ashes leave no mark, and tying fails to crease them. They're $1.50 apiece, and I suppose we'll all be wearing them someday. —PLAID

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DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*Headline in the Times*]

NAZI OCCUPATION
HAS DRAWBACKS

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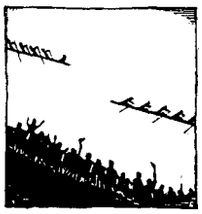
THE OARSMEN

Grand Finales



IT was the war, everybody agreed, which reduced the number of yachts at the Yale-Harvard race last Friday to the lowest in years. Several big private craft, like J. P. Morgan's Corsair, which used to be an annual visitor to New London, have been turned over to England for the duration. The river on the bright afternoon of the race looked bare without them, although, as a result, the passengers on the observation train enjoyed one of the best views of the course they have ever had. The improved vista seemed to heighten the enthusiasm of the spectators and to intensify the high jinks called for by tradition. My ticket got me onto a car loaded with Yale men, who sang and cheered all the way from New London to the start and during the half-hour wait preceding the race.

It was a cheerful carload up to the half-mile mark, for Yale was leading. ("Yale's winning! I can't *stand* it!" shrieked one young lady ambiguously, as she waved a blue pennant.) Soon, however, Harvard went ahead to the accompaniment of much shouting from Harvard cars on either side of mine. From then on, Harvard kept the lead, and when the train paused at the finish, several undergraduates from Cambridge produced Roman candles (something I had never seen before at a race), with which they sent crimson flares out over the river, disturbing, by chance, a bluebird perched on a pile.

After the morning races, which Harvard also won, I heard the manager of the winning crew prophesy that the varsity would score its third straight victory over Yale by five lengths. Actually, it was eight lengths. The young man didn't seem a bit upset when I pointed out this discrepancy to him at the Griswold later on.

THE race at Poughkeepsie, as you can hardly have helped hearing, was a shambles. Washington won it crazily, with its coxswain, Fred Colbert, struggling during the last mile against the handicap of a broken tiller rope. The shell ended up in the easternmost lane, one over from its own, and narrowly missed hitting the finish barge. Conditions were just as bad on the river as they were in the winning shell. The varsity race was postponed three hours because of rough water, and once during that time Washington got mixed up and appeared at the start, only to find that nothing was happening and to return down river to wait some more. The spectators, naturally, were annoyed, and so were some of the coaches; afterward the papers blamed the officials for everything.

I called up one of these men to find how he felt about it. Pretty awful, he said, although the consciences of everyone on the referee's boat were clear. He was sorry that the spectators had had such a bad time, but pointed out that rowing is an amateur sport, which is not carried on for the benefit of an audience. With the other critics, he was not so lenient. Coaches are not supposed to boat their crews until a blue flag is flown from the referee's yacht, he said, evidently referring to Washington's false start. The flag serves warning that the race will begin in half an hour and gives the crews plenty of time to get upstream. "Not all the coaches seemed to remember this," the official said, "and as for most newspapermen, it's doubtful if they've ever taken the trouble to find out what the blue flag, or the absence of it, means."

REGATTA NOTES: Just before the start of the varsity race at Poughkeepsie, Columbia's oarsmen threw a lot of jerseys overboard—why, nobody seemed to know, unless they were an offering to the river gods. A Coast Guardsman in a small launch fished the garments out of the water with a boathook. . . . In the lobby of the Nelson House at Poughkeepsie after the race, a testy old Cornell oar was overheard discussing Washington's coach. "I thought I hated Franklin D. Roosevelt most," he said, "and then the devil, but now that man Ulbrickson takes first place." . . . Before the morning races at New London, Paul Barnett, Yale's publicity director, indicated that he may have had information slightly at odds with the cheerful advance news he made public, for he correctly picked in a pool the margin of both of Harvard's victories. —Bow

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IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[*From the Congressional Daily, May 22, 1940*]

BILLS REPORTED TO THE SENATE

S. 3202—makes it a crime to wreck a train.—S. Rep't 1634

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Two Good Old Friends

MUSIC moved into town for the summer when the Stadium Concerts and the Goldman Band presentations got under way last week. The Stadium musicales by the Philharmonic-Symphony will take place nightly through August 14th in the Lewisohn Stadium at 138th Street and Amsterdam Avenue (that's the official address, but if you've been used to entering by way of 136th Street near Convent Avenue, you'll find business going on as usual at that gate). Dr. Goldman's meetings are scheduled for the Mall in Central Park on Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, and for Prospect Park, Brooklyn, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings through August 18th.

The Philharmonic-Symphony meets up this summer with at least seven conductors, three of them Stadium newcomers—Dr. Artur Rodzinski, Edwin McArthur, and Hans Wilhelm Steinberg. Dr. Rodzinski, who has made himself welcome hereabouts as director of many concerts, started the Stadium year with a well-played Brahms program, to which Rudolf Serkin contributed an excellent performance in the B-flat piano concerto. The first evening offered more finesse and fewer orchestral clinkers than usual at Stadium openings. Other variations from the norm included the appearance of the conductor in a tuxedo, a soloist in full evening dress, only one speech from the platform, and atmospheric conditions that prompted mat vendors to change their chant from "soft, dry mats" to "warm, steam-heated mats." It seemed to me, too, that someone had remodelled the instrumentation for "The Star-Spangled Banner," but there still is need for a good orchestral scoring of the anthem.

An innovation that may be important for Stadium-goers, who hitherto have had to rush from dinner to hear the first composition on the program, is a change of starting time. This year it's 8:45, like most orchestral concerts in the winter. If you happen to forget that the concerts no longer begin at 8:30 and arrive too early, you'll have that

so This is the Famous "GIN and TONIC"!

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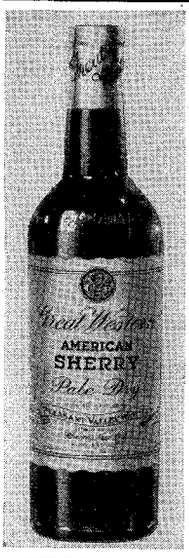
AMERICAN



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Priced a bit higher than others but the extra value is more than worth it.

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WARD and ROME
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Paper Lampshades
with flower patterns
Painted to match Chintzes

much more time to read the helpful program notes by Pitts Sanborn.

THE Goldman Band concerts, which, like those at the Stadium, are in their twenty-third season, demonstrate no obvious changes in content or in style of performance from year to year, but a comparison of the programs of any season with those of its predecessors proves that the quota of substantial music increases constantly. Bach, Sibelius, Prokofieff, and other names that would have been considered curious intruders in the old-fashioned band concert are regular and joyfully acclaimed items in the Goldman repertoire.

Dr. Goldman doesn't, however, neglect cornet specialties and similar traditional elements for which some of us have a by no means sneaking affection. It all works out handsomely. The visitor who comes to hear virtuoso tricks by the brasses discovers that Bach is good stuff, too, and the ultra-serious listener gets to admire the bounce and brilliance of the light music that the band plays.

SOME music student might build his thesis on an analysis of the various sorts of music that may be heard issuing from the outdoor loudspeakers at the World's Fair. The percentage of symphonic and operatic excerpts wouldn't be low, and evidently many of the visitors are entirely at home with Beethoven and Wagner. There was an interesting manifestation of musical appreciation on view near the Perisphere late the other afternoon. Two women were to be seen eating frozen-custard cones in perfect rhythm to the Liebestod from "Tristan und Isolde." —ROBERT A. SIMON

POPULAR RECORDS

Fancy Getups

A COUPLE of years ago, just when everybody was all excited over the comeback of popular records, Decca, borrowing an idea from the concert-record business and sprucing it up somewhat, brought out a batch of more or less related discs bound as a set. It worked out fine, and Decca got together several more combinations, doing them up with striking bindings and covers in sharp contrast to the formal, conservative volumes of classical records that had been on the market for years. Now almost every established company in the field, to say nothing of a few Johnny-come-latelies, is turning out sets by the dozen, which makes this seem as good a time as any to warn shoppers that the best-looking albums aren't necessarily the best buys, fancy contain-

WIN WITH WILSON

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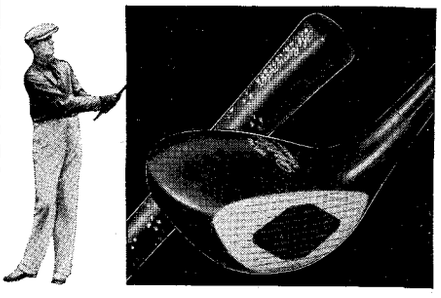
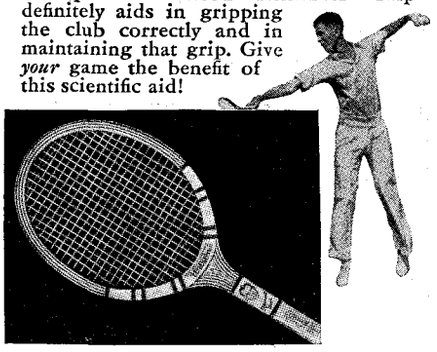
In the first cow-pasture golf courses the holes were merely cans sunk into the ground. When a putt was dropped into the hole, it was literally "canned." Hence the term "canning a putt."

Many years' experience making equipment for such *stars* as Sarazen, Guldahl, Snead, McSpaden, Don Budge, Ellsworth Vines and many others, has taught Wilson craftsmen many fine points about equipment for experts. That is why *all* Wilson Sports Equipment has a certain "expert" *look* and *feel*. You'll notice it instantly.

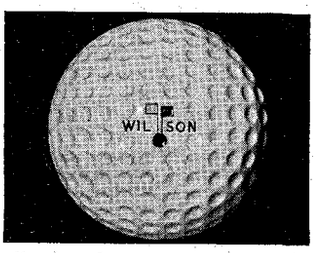


All the better Wilson Woods and Irons have True Temper Step-Down Steel Shafts. The patented Wilson "Reminder" Grip definitely aids in gripping the club correctly and in maintaining that grip. Give *your* game the benefit of this scientific aid!



Wilson 1940 "Professional-ized" Tennis Rackets—influenced as to design, used and play-tested by Budge, Vines, Eleanor Tennant and others—are now featured in sporting goods stores and departments everywhere. Prices to suit every budget.

QUALITY FROM CORE TO COVER



For golf balls that fly true and far with plenty of roll; that are obedient on the greens and stand up bravely, use Wilson-made Golf Balls. They're quality from core to cover. 75c—50c—35c—25c.

Players mentioned are retained on Wilson's Advisory Staff.

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SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER, "JUST MY GREASY LUCK TO FALL OFF THE WANDERER'S DOLPHIN STRIKER AS THE SKIPPER HANDS OUT A FREE TANK OF THE BUBBLY".

Whaler Bar
MIDSTON HOUSE
MADISON AVE., AT 38th ST.

ers being no guarantee of good music. However, among the recent releases there are a number of sets that are very attractive not only to look at but to listen to.

Columbia, for instance, presents a "Naughty 90's" album (No. C-14) that is as divertingly clownish as it is tuneful. It consists of four discs on which Beatrice Kay, ably assisted throughout by Ray Bloch and his orchestra and here and there by the Elm City Four, a male quartet, takes you on a crazy tour of the period the set's named for. Miss Kay is a versatile young woman, equally effective at putting over a cockney version of "Waiting at the Church" and at giving "My Mother Was a Lady" a corn-for-corn's-sake treatment. She tackles such other comparable effusions as "Don't Go into the Lion's Cage Tonight," "I Don't Care," "Smarty," "The Nightingale," "Strike Up the Band, Here Comes a Sailor," and "Oceana Roll," doing all of them with the gusto and flourish of a top-notch satirist.

ANOTHER unusual set is one put out by General Records (No. G-13), on which Sylvia Marlowe is to be heard playing boogie-woogie music on the harpsichord. There are three records, which present "Honky-Tonk Train," "Yancy Special," "In an Eighteenth-Century Drawing Room," "Pine Top's Boogie Woogie," "Bach Goes to Town," and "Boogie Woogie Rhapsody." Miss Marlowe's virtuoso technique and remarkable ability to obtain unusual colors in tone help her demonstrate that the harpsichord isn't as dated an instrument as you might think. Her performance of "Bach Goes to Town" is exceptional for its lift and precision; her "Honky-Tonk Train" is fascinating for its steady rhythm and naturalness. The others are more or less similar.

LEE WILEY, who has been specializing in anthologies of late, now offers a set (L294) made up of Cole Porter tunes and released by the Liberty Music Shops. In it, you'll find such favorites as "You Do Something to Me," "Why Shouldn't I?," and "Find Me a Primitive Man" sung in Miss Wiley's very personal style. Paul Wetstein's orchestra, in the more melodious items, and an instrumental quartet, in the swingy numbers, help along considerably.

IN the following group of dance numbers, you'll notice there's more emphasis than usual on swing. That's because I felt I just couldn't leave out several notable records made by small

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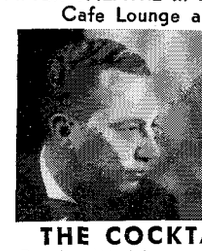

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groups, and these, in addition to the customary amount of big-band swing stuff, may make the list appear somewhat lopsided. Asterisks denote swing:

THREE O'CLOCK JUMP* and REUNION IN HARLEM*—Joe Marsala and his quartet. Torrid music by a quintet (counting the leader) showing much inventiveness in the solo bits and fine teamwork. Dell St. John's vocal in "Three o'Clock Jump" is thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of things. (*General Records 3001*)

KO-KO* and CONGA BRAVA*—Duke Ellington and his orchestra. With these, Ellington goes right to the head of the class, setting a mark even for himself. In "Conga Brava," the rhythm of the conga is merely a springboard for leaping off into the realm of musical metaphysics. (*Victor 26577*)

FOOLS RUSH IN and YOURS IS MY HEART ALONE—Glenn Miller and his orchestra. The five-part saxophone harmony takes the honors, but the main idea is simplicity, and it works. (*Bluebird B-10728*)

THE SHEIK* and POOR BUTTERFLY*—Benny Goodman Sextet. Using two old-timers as thematic material, this talented ensemble toss hot figures around them with steadily gathering enthusiasm. (*Columbia 35466*)

SATURDAY NIGHT BLUES* and BECHET'S STEADY RIDER*—Sidney Bechet's Blue Note Quartet. The big thing here is improvisation, both in the languorous "Blues" and in the "Steady Rider" piece. The playing is imaginative and coöperative. (*Blue Note 502*)

WHERE DO YOU KEEP YOUR HEART? and IT WOULDN'T BE LOVE—Johnny Messner and his orchestra. Unaffected and perfectly clear arrangements played in a straightforward manner. (*Varsity 8299*)

POM POM* and I COVER THE WATER FRONT—Joe Sullivan and his Café Society Orchestra. This seven-piece band plays with unusual solidity and inventiveness, both in the rapidly paced "Pom Pom" and in the leisurely "I Cover the Water Front." Helen Ward's vocal works out well in the slower item. (*Vocalion 5556*)

SIX LESSONS FROM MADAME LA ZONGA and BOOG-IT*—Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra. On one side it's a combination conga and rumba and on the other boogie-woogie. Whichever it is, the bandsmen do handsomely. (*Decca 3152*) —OFFBEAT

•

ON STOPPING AT A NEW ENGLAND INN, THE OCCASIONAL REFUGE OF MISS WILLA CATHER

When the Rudyards ceased from kipling,
As the Haggards ride no more,
Time had even
Taken Stephen,
Who had said all this before.
Still for us where Cottons mather
In the spring the Willas cather
As of yore.

—DAVID MCCORD

•

If only he could place his finger on the depth in her eyes, he thought, then he would have the solution.—*From a story by Bill Phillips in the Family Circle.*

And she would have a little problem of her own.

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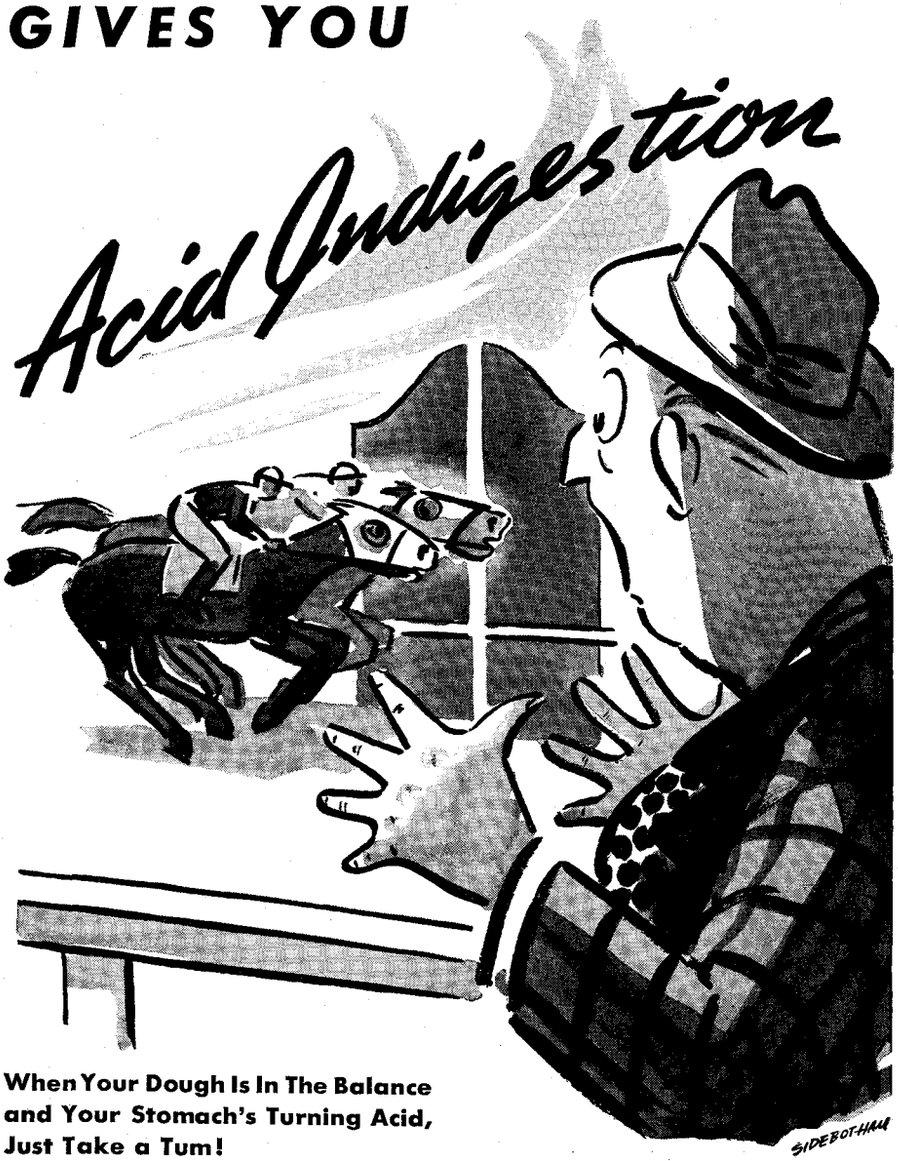

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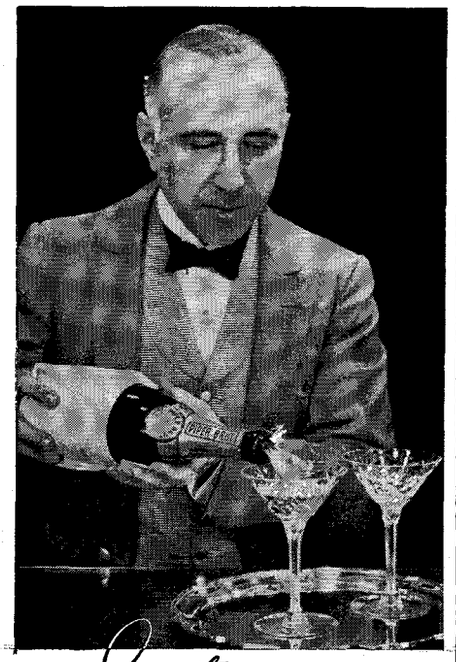

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WHY I DON'T BELIEVE IN SUPERMAN

WHEN I read a while ago that a Nazi newspaper had protested against the activities of Superman, holding them to be offensively pacifistic, I decided to get acquainted with the fellow. After all, it isn't every comic-strip character who is singled out for such personal attention. Little Orphan Annie was once attacked by the *Daily Worker*, but that isn't very eventful and she had been around for years anyhow. Superman, on the other hand, is a comparative newcomer—just a year and a half old. In that short time he has been furiously active and, I found by collecting some old newspapers recently and leafing through them, undeniably pacifistic, though not in the ordinary, do-nothing sense of the word. If Superman disapproves of a war, he simply stops it. When, for example, Blitzen and Rutland went to war in his strip, he grabbed up Dictator Amork of Blitzen and General Gotha of Rutland. Tucking one under each arm, he flew to the trenches and there instructed them to fight it out on a man-to-man basis in full view of their assembled and hitherto embattled forces. You know what happened: they began to pull one another's hair, the softies, and the soldiers threw down their arms in disgust, thus ending the war instantly for lack of participants.

Superman can take wars in his stride, or flight, because he is impervious to attack. Bullets spin off his superskin like raindrops off a windshield, and once, when a rascal attempted to whack him over the head with a heavy club, the weapon bounced back so fast off Superman's superskull that it knocked his assailant cold.

At the start of Superman's career it was hinted that he could leap an eighth of a mile, hurdle a twenty-story building, and outrun an express train. It has since developed that he can also outrun a bullet, swim an ocean without puffing, demolish an airliner by meeting it head on in mid-air, and change the course of a forest fire by breathing heavily on it. He can knock out eleven burly pugilists in exactly one second, divert a flood by barehandedly digging a pit a mile long in a few minutes, and win a rather one-sided combat with a battleship by pushing it close to shore and then walking out of the water holding the ship up over his head. "Nothing less than a bursting shell could penetrate his skin," his authors once crowed, and they have lived up to their words. Bayonets, when thrust at him, crumple into so much scrap steel, and the Princess Tania, one of several young ladies who have crossed his impressive path, ruined a perfectly good dagger by trying to drive it into his hide. Superman was momentarily dazed after a collision with a loaded torpedo, but when in form he can project himself right through the side of a ship, and destructive implements are generally his dish. Not long ago somebody fired a cannon at him from a distance of a few yards. He caught the cannon ball in one hand, remarking, "Nice curve on that ball! Wanta play catch, eh?," and threw the ball back at the cannon, shattering it to bits.

SUPERMAN has had three identities. Originally he was Kal-l, the infant son of Jor-l and Lora, a nice young couple living on the planet of Krypton. Kal-l arrived on earth by means of a rocket ship into which his parents had thoughtfully inserted him just before Krypton burst into fragments and disappeared. Kal-l matured into Superman, and abandoned his given name forever, in one frame of a single comic strip. He decided almost immediately to become a newspaper reporter and, in his own words, to dedicate himself "to helping the oppressed, and seeing that truth and right triumph." As a reporter, he is called Clark Kent, and his disguise consists of a business suit and a pair of spectacles. Nobody has yet exposed Kent as Superman, though Princess Tania once gave him a nasty turn by remarking that he reminded her somehow of Superman, who had once rescued her and her father, King Boru of Rangoria, from the most awful predicaments.

As Kent, Superman pretends to be a miserable coward, and therefore, before doing anything superhuman, he has to get rid of his reportorial garb. He does this so swiftly that Ed Wynn's most notable change of costume seems by comparison like the performance of a reluctant turtle. Superman's basic outfit is a Buck Rogersish affair with a cape flowing behind it and a high-school football emblem on its chest. He always wears this under his Kent outfit, an ar-

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rangement which may be unsanitary but is efficient. When about to go off on a spectacular errand, he dumps his Kent clothes in any old corner, returning to them as unerringly as a homing pigeon. Sometimes he gets them back on without seeming to have returned to them at all. For instance, he swims an ocean as Superman, having left his sack suit in an alley, and comes back by transport plane, wearing the identical suit. This sartorial implausibility has taken away just about all the admiration I ever had for him.

NOW, here is a typical Superman episode. It lasted for thirteen days (thirteen newspaper days, that is, not including Sundays, when Superman, in color, is engaged in entirely different and conflicting activities). Superman starts off by depositing his reporter's clothes in an ashcan next to the building occupied by the *Morning Star*, his paper. Then he picks up a low character named the Weasel and flies around for a spell with the Weasel under his arm. After five submachine guns have been emptied into his chest (not even a powder burn to show for it), he wraps the machine guns around the necks of the gunmen; stops a speeding car by grabbing its bumper; lifts up the car and shakes out two men and a girl; rescues the girl, who happens to be Lois Lane, a reporter he is unsuccessfully trying to date up as Kent (though she, the unintuitive dope, loves Superman); demolishes the car and leaps into the air to catch Lois, who by this time has been whisked into a plane and has fallen out at an altitude of several thousand feet; deposits her on the ground; flies up again and rips a wing off the plane that dropped her; and gets back to earth just in time to retrieve Lois from some quicksand into which she has clumsily stumbled. A moment later he's back in his office, with his tie knotted neatly, as Clark Kent. Economic conditions being what they are, I maintain that while all this was going on somebody would surely have poked into that ashcan, found Kent's suit, and perhaps exposed Superman before he could get around to Barney's and pick up a substitute.

Superman's best performance, to my mind, was given the night Lois broke down and asked him, as Kent, up to her apartment for a real home-cooked dinner. While she was in the kitchen stirring up something, he slipped out a window, doffed his suit, swam through a sea, destroyed a submarine that was attacking King Boru's yacht, got slapped by Princess Tania, and returned to the apartment, fully dressed, before the din-

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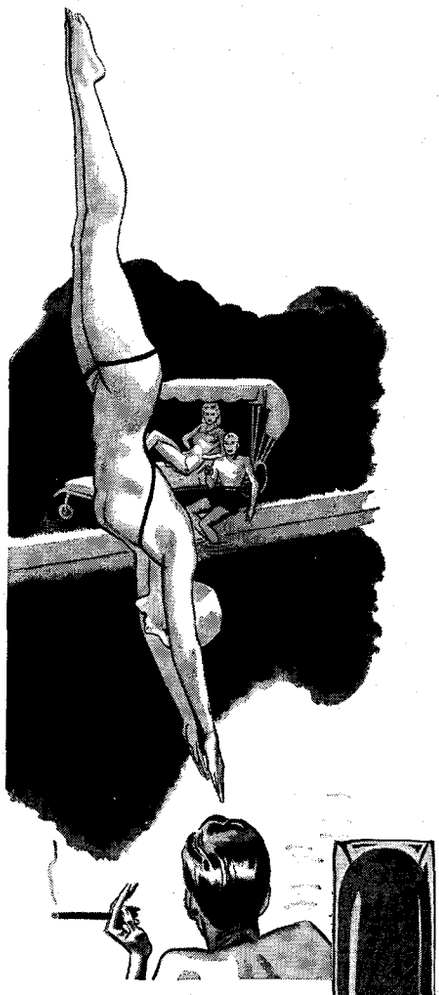

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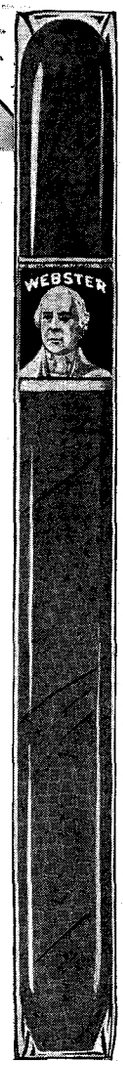

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First in the Social Register

ner had cooled. Lois, however, had noticed his brief absence and become embittered. She dropped a few dishes and threw him out hungry. Oh, I forgot. In between he also telephoned a story to his paper.

It's barely possible, of course, that Kent's clothes might have lain untouched where he dropped them during both these expeditions, but here are a couple of other cases, and what are you going to do about *them*? Superman, dressed as Kent, is tossed out of a boat by some gangsters. He swims along under water for a few miles wearing all of his Kent clothes but his suit coat, which he has clearly shed somewhere in the water. He gets to a dock and there removes the rest of his Kent disguise. Having won a brief race with a bullet, overcome the gangsters, and gone off carrying their boat with him, he turns up at the office again dressed as Kent and with *even his coat on*, neatly pressed and not in the least damp. And how about the time he takes off his suit in mid-air while clinging to the outside of an airplane in which, as Kent, he had been riding? His pants, you'd think, would drift off into space, but a few strips later he is back in the plane, dressed respectably as Kent, adjusting his safety belt.

I AM willing to believe that Superman can fly, that his skin is impregnable, that he could beat up Paul Bunyan with both hands tied to his feet, and that he will never get to first base with Lois, who is a rather ill-tempered girl and probably not worthy of his superattentions anyhow. I am not willing to believe, however, that he can handle human problems like dressing with such inexplicable ease. Tying a shoelace is tying a shoelace, after all, and superstrength will only break the lace. Until something is done to clear up this slight matter of logic, I am going to agree with the Germans that he is a subversive influence. If he reads this and gets sore, though, I hope he takes care of Goebbels first. —E. J. Kahn, Jr.

•

How to Kill Trees

The usual procedure in killing or getting rid of a tree is to cut it down close to the ground and from then on prevent growths developing from the stump or suckering from the roots. Decay may be hastened by boring holes in the stumps, filling these with salt and water. Keep doing this for a few months.—*Catonsville (Md.) Argus.*

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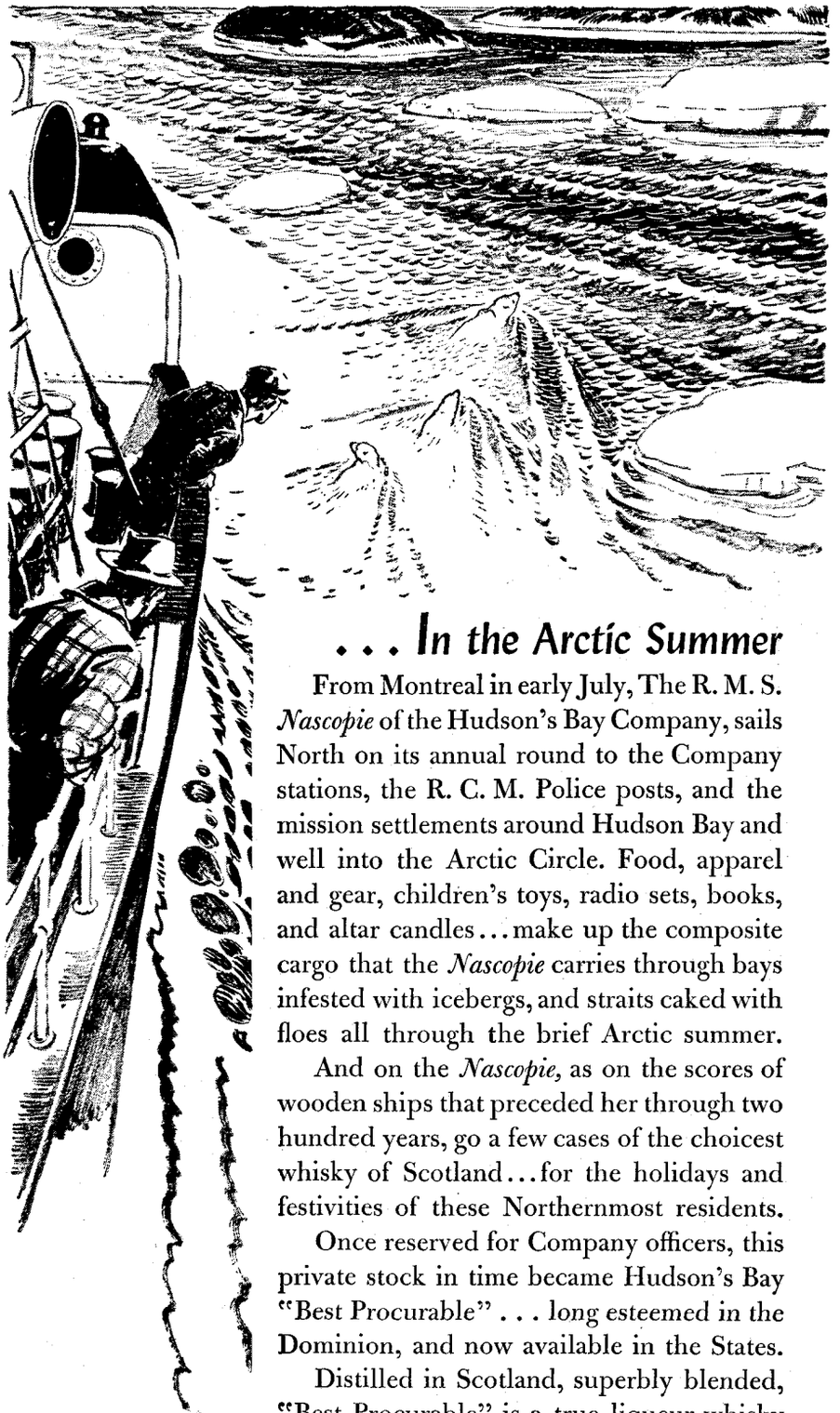
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Not So Cheerful

IT may be the weather or it may be the war; anyhow, the Movie Industry seems a sluggish affair these days. Modest creations with hardly a "name" in their cast carry on with astonishing perseverance in various houses, and anything at all substantial, like "Our Town" or even "The Mortal Storm," thrusts surprisingly sturdy roots into the thin soil of the present public attention. For obvious reasons, the newsreel theatres—the Trans-Lux and the Embassy, for instance—get the crowds, yet I don't suppose that in any shelters which you may frequent can you suffer such a degree of peculiar exasperation as you are likely to experience in these establishments. It's the war news, of course, that brings you to them, and hot for certainties you bolt into the cooled shadows half the time to face some such items as "Old Natchez" or "Uncle Dan Beard Celebrates His 90th Birthday."

There's some fatality in human destiny, I think, that always lands you in one of these places exactly at the moment the foreign news has ended, and you must wait a good forty minutes for the brief ten minutes you have come for. Ten minutes out of the hour that the programs run appears to be the time generally given to Europe. However, there is no doubt that forty minutes is little indeed to wait for any such shots as the recent Dunkerque scenes. These, with their close views of British soldiers and with their far glimpses of the smoke- and fire-filled horizon, are triumphs for the cameramen (Paramount's, as I recall, impressed me greatly), who, considering in what circumstances they must function, give us more, perhaps, than we have a right to expect.

ACTUALLY, only a single regulation picture worth any comment at all has come to the surface this last week, and that, taking us far from current events, is none other than "Tom Brown's School Days." With its passion for the classics, including the nursery classics, Hollywood has shown restraint in not having long ago resuscitated Thomas Hughes' story of Rugby life in the time of the great Dr. Arnold. Though I'm not sure what the younger



. . . In the Arctic Summer

From Montreal in early July, The R. M. S. *Nascopie* of the Hudson's Bay Company, sails North on its annual round to the Company stations, the R. C. M. Police posts, and the mission settlements around Hudson Bay and well into the Arctic Circle. Food, apparel and gear, children's toys, radio sets, books, and altar candles . . . make up the composite cargo that the *Nascopie* carries through bays infested with icebergs, and straits caked with floes all through the brief Arctic summer.

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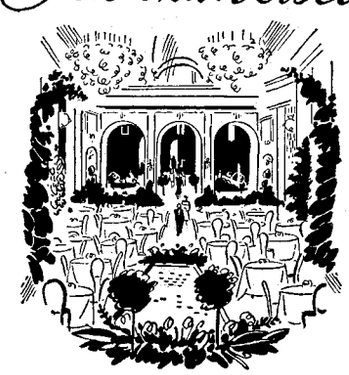

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people read these days, aside from the gossip columns and the fan magazines, I still have a certain suspicion that "Tom Brown" belongs to an older generation. Trying to remember how I once felt about the book, I can't recall that it left upon me the impression which the movie does—of harshness and bitterness. The outstanding theme throughout the film, emphasized in ruthless scenes of hazing and prolonged enmities among the schoolboys, is the cruelty of youngsters toward each other, and it makes the picture a grim business. Far from being a sweet story of English public schools or anything like a "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," this film has a mean tone, which, I might say, doesn't seem unrealistic. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as a polite and judicious Dr. Arnold, helps to counteract this prevailing severity, and there are at moments streaks of some pleasant friendships among the youngsters, but most of the time one wonders how any of the little fellows survived the nightmare his schooling was. Freddie Bartholomew and a Jimmy Lydon are the two boys most featured, and Billy Halop, one of the famous "Dead End" juveniles, is cast for a villainous bully's rôle. I wouldn't say that Master Halop appears very much the orthodox English public-school type, bully or not. To relieve this sombre and even savage study of schoolboys, Polly Moran, of all good, honest souls, suddenly turns up as a comic village character, and is, I think, rather a comfort among these merciless hellions.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

I eat an artichoke every day. What vegetable could I substitute when artichokes are not in season? MRS. A. F.

The average artichoke gives you about 80 calories per pound, about 3½ grams of protein. The average vitamin content of this vegetable per pound is 1800 units of vitamin A, 220 units of vitamin B_1, and 4000 units of vitamin C. An artichoke is reported to contain 0.180 gram of calcium, 0.42 gram of phosphorus, and 8 milligrams of iron per pound. By comparing what you get of these nutritive values in other vegetables, it should be easy to figure out what to use as a substitute.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Damn it, answer the question!

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From "How to Read a Book," by Mortimer Adler*]

The experience of walking around the battlefield at Gettysburg made me realize how much better I should understand the account of Hannibal's invasion had I ever crossed the Alps on the back of an elephant.

All set?

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BOOKS

Hans Zinsser and R. S.

FIVE years ago, Hans Zinsser constructed a best-seller by combining typhus fever with a talent for digression. This hitherto unsuspected formula resulted in "Rats, Lice and History," a book I still remember with keen pleasure. Now, Dr. Zinsser, who in his day has taken many a lusty sideswipe at psychological biographers, turns psychological biographer himself. At any rate, the conventions require the assumption that his "As I Remember Him" be considered a biography, though it is apparent that its subject—the physician-bacteriologist-writer R. S.—has had, by a weird coincidence, many of the same experiences to which its author can lay claim. This fact makes it a little difficult to review his book, part of which is written in the idiom of the supposed R. S., part in that of the editor, Dr. Zinsser himself. Just what the purpose of all this now-you-see-me-now-you-don't hocus-pocus may be I can't make out. Dr. Zinsser has led and is leading an interesting, distinguished, and useful life as scientist and teacher. There seems no crying need for him to complicate it with a stooge, for that is what R. S. would seem to be. However, as every man's entitled to the free expression of his own double personality, let's treat R. S. as if he were fact instead of figment.

R. S. (he died recently, Dr. Zinsser assures us) was a research scientist of upper-middle-class German, but not Prussian, stock. His interests lay mainly in the field of medicine, particularly bacteriology and more particularly immunology, but the total man, full of prejudices, whims, passions, and discursive reflection, refused to lose his way in a forest of test tubes. R. S. loved horses and women (the romantic reminiscences are too gentlemanly to be very revealing) and wrote poetry. A sample of the last is reproduced on page 441 and is quite bad. I assume R. S. wrote it, not Dr. Zinsser.

This book is less digressive than was "Rats, Lice and History," and I regret it. It sticks fairly close to its central theme—the intellectual and emotional biography of an American of non-native stock whose search for truth has led him not to certitude or faith but to a healthy and by no means hopeless skepticism. The model is clearly "The Education of Henry Adams" rather than those medical autobiographies with which the public has been deluged of late. For me, the most interesting sections are the ones dealing with R. S.'s adventures in Serbia while he was doing his part in combatting the terrible typhus epidemic of 1915; or his acute and downright reflections on the history of American medicine; or even the lighter anecdotes of his interneship and early professional practice. Yet the book's value, as the author says in his Introductory Apology, has little relation to that of what he neatly calls Victor Heiser's "Odyssey in Wonderland" or Alexis Carrel's "Science and Health." It is, in truth, an attempt to tell the story of an education.

As such, though always readable and often valuable, it is not entirely successful. It falls between two stools, being neither sufficiently discursive to create a living picture of a personality nor sufficiently well organized and thoughtful to achieve the significance of a book like that of Henry Adams. One feels that there was more to R. S. than appears in these pages—more altitude, more temperament, more meaning. Perhaps it is easier to come clean about the lives of rats and lice than about the lives of scientists.

"As I Remember Him" is no classic, but it's full of good things: the recollections of Columbia College in the middle nineties, when George Edward Woodberry was the great literary influence on the campus; R. S.'s student days in the lovely pre-first-World-War Paris (don't miss the convulsing story on page 93 of the enlarging and diminishing turtle); the appreciation of William ("Popsy") Welch, without whom American medicine would not be what it is today; R. S.'s reflections on euthanasia and medical ethics in general (plenty of good, sound sense here), his comically gruesome adventure with the dead baby; the diverting digression on college presidents; the somewhat less cutting reflections on the aristocracy of Boston and Harvard; the account of the hunt for lice in Mexico; a vivid flash of Hart Crane; the "unsentimental

"I want that little new paper—'Afternoon.'"

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journey to Japan and China;" the chapter on research in Tunis, with its beautiful sketch of R. S.'s great French colleague Nicolle.

The tone throughout is that of a humanist scholar, touched slightly with the crotchets of an eighteenth-century gentleman, all based on the foundation of a true passion for scientific investigation. Those who are interested in the progress of medicine will get most from its pages, but its audience should not be limited to these.

A few years ago, on one of his periodical visits to Paris, R. S. met his friend Vallery-Radot, the son-in-law of Pasteur, who was to become the great Frenchman's biographer. Vallery-Radot showed him a number of Pasteur items, including his will. As R. S. says, it bears witness, "more than anything that has been said or written, to the infinite goodness and tenderness of heart of the man whose brain created a new era in the history of medicine." I should like to quote it here:

Ceci est mon testament.
Je laisse à ma femme tout ce que la loi permet de lui laisser. Puissent mes enfants ne jamais s'écarter de la voie du devoir et garder toujours pour leur mère la tendresse qu'elle mérite.

Paris, ce 29 mars 1877
Arbois, ce 25 août 1880

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE UNDERGROUND STREAM, by Albert Maltz. A tense class-war novel in which melodrama and Leftist ideology are merged, with some success. The scene is Detroit in 1936; the main conflict is provided by the Fascist personnel manager of an automobile plant and a Communist organizer who chooses death rather than betray what he considers the cause. The sections dealing with country-club society are indescribably naïve, but Mr. Maltz's workers are real. If you discount the heroics, the book has considerable power.

A LION IN THE GARDEN, by G. B. Stern. One of those playful English novels that right now are, understandably, not too easy to read. The hero is a meek little handy-man and gardener who talks in long, literary periods and who once confronted a live, flesh-and-blood lion without having hysterics. This colors his subsequent career, as well it might, even though it was a circus lion, quite docile and proper. A clever job.

LEGACY, by Charles Bonner. Highly

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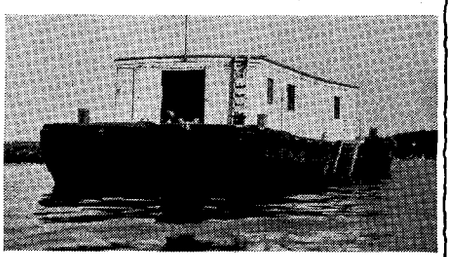

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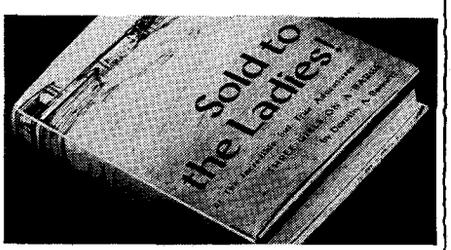

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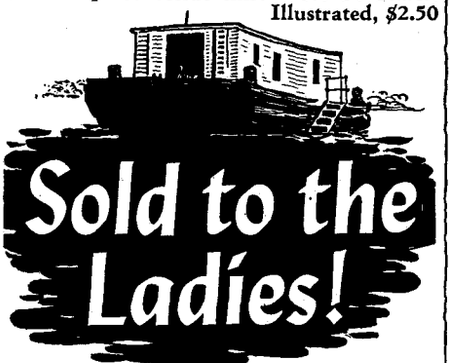

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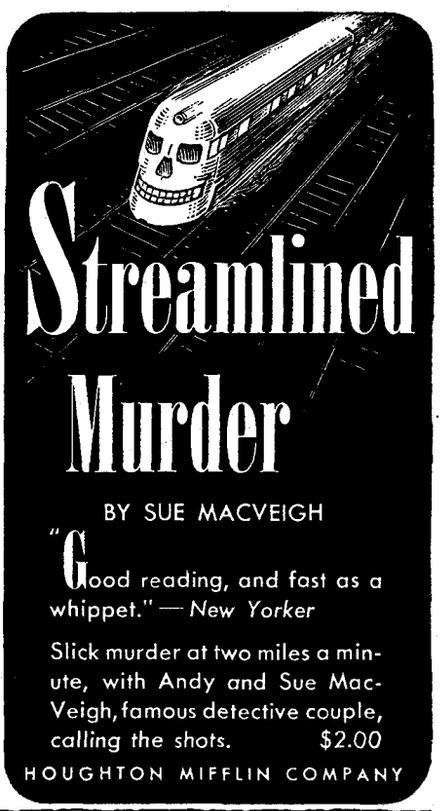
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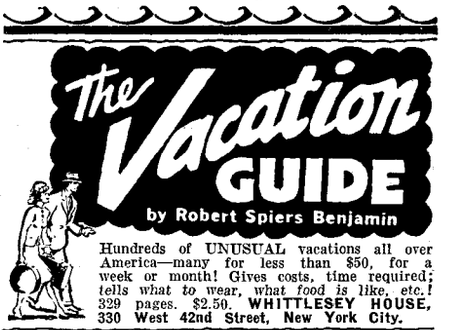

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successful story of family life, the efforts of an old-fashioned father to bring up five motherless sons, the time being a few years before and after the first World War. Mr. Bonner's people are complicated, credible, and absorbing, and he writes in a clear and intelligent style.

THE VANTAGE POINT, by Hilda Morris. The tale of a lady who tries to steer a course between the genteel prewar life of her childhood and the unregenerate modern world. She decides that good manners, sympathetic understanding, and religion offer a salvation. The place is a suburb of New York; the time, 1938 and 1939. Very mild and rather unreal.

GENERAL

THE STORY OF THE PACIFIC, by Hendrik Willem van Loon. Popular history of discoverers and explorers in the Pacific: Balboa, van Linschoten, Tasman, Dampier, De Bougainville, Cook, etc. At times Mr. van Loon manages to ramble off even this huge subject, but his book is consistently entertaining. Illustrated by the author.

THE STRATEGY OF TERROR, by Edmond Taylor. A former Chicago *Tribune* correspondent in Paris gives us a running account of what the "war of nerves" did to European morale, especially the French, between Munich and March, 1940. A fresh and enlightening interpretation, much of it from the diaries of the author and his wife.

THE PULSE OF DEMOCRACY, by George Gallup and Saul Forbes Rae. Dr. Gallup is director of the American Institute of Public Opinion polls. He and Dr. Rae, a research assistant, here detail the aims, methods, and results of the new opinion-sampling device, and critical opinion of the system. Too long, but an interesting and authoritative book about what seems to be an important development in American democratic prac-

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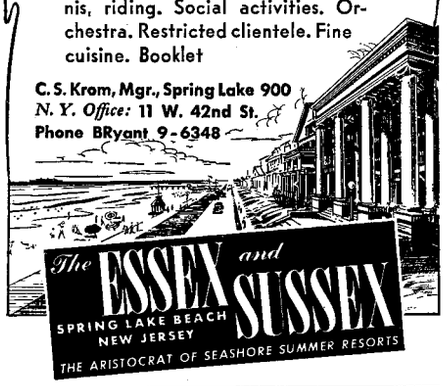

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TOO BIG, by Morris L. Ernst. Carrying on the theme of Louis D. Brandeis's "The Curse of Bigness," Mr. Ernst considers corporative size in terms of inefficient organization, shoring up his thesis with case histories in steel, insurance, cities, the federal government, etc. He recommends corrective legislation and other measures. A readable and significant book. Appendices.

THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF THE SUN, by George Gamow. A distinguished Russian-American physicist gives us the latest news about the past, present, and predictable future of the sun, plus related information on atomic behavior, radioactivity, and so on. A first-rate popularization. Lots of helpful illustrations.

INTO THE DARKNESS, by Lothrop Stoddard. The author of "Rising Tide of Color" reports on conditions inside Germany during the first winter of the war. He seems to have been fairly easily impressed. Not much new material.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SOME LIKE IT GORY, by John Kobler. Exciting and sometimes too brief reports on thirty or so crimes, including a heartbreaking account of the murder of Harriet Staunton, a historic tale which was fictionalized six years ago by Elizabeth Jenkins. This is a book for realists who are addicted to well-written stories of what really happened.

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The physical universe is moving steadily toward mediocrity and is bound to be thoroughly uninteresting in less than 100,000,000,000 years, Dr. Henry Norris Russell, professor of astronomy at Princeton University, said last night.—*The Herald Tribune.*

We stifled a yawn just yesterday.

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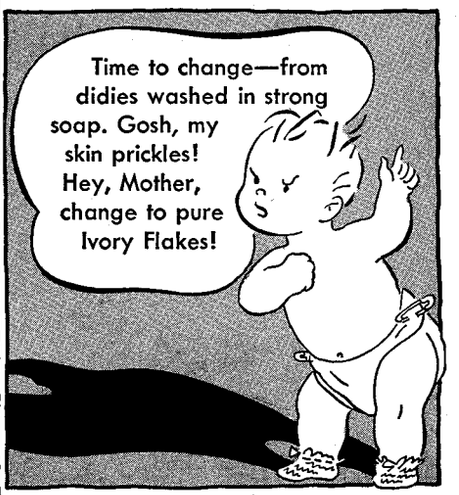

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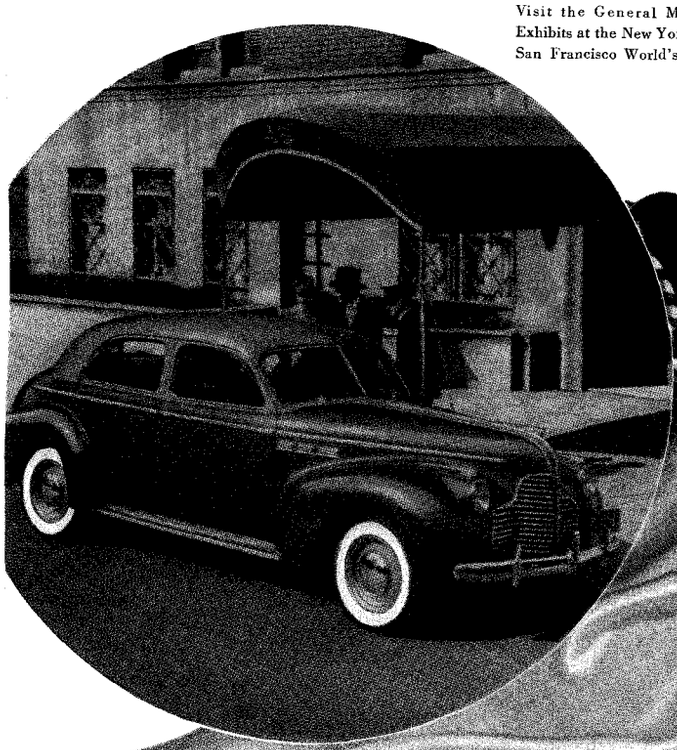

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